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GIVEN IN HONOR OF HIS PARENTS, THEIR SIMPLICITY
SINCERITY AND FEARLESSNESS

TURNING-POINTS.

"What things were *gain* to me, those I counted *loss* for Christ."—
Philippians iii. 7.

TURNING-POINTS,

AND THEIR RESULTS IN

THE LIVES OF EMINENT CHRISTIANS.

BY

MARY E. BECK,

AUTHOR OF "FRESH DIGGINGS IN AN OLD MINE," ETC.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

CYPRIAN OF CARTHAGE.

AMBROSE OF MILAN.

AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

In studying the character of those whom God designs for special service, we find there is generally some crisis in their history, some pivot upon which turns all their future career. The work of preparation may have been slow and gradual; surrounding circumstances may even appear to have been adverse to their future development; the receding wave in the tide of events may seem more than to counterbalance the onward flow, and even threaten to strand them helplessly on the shore; but, at an unexpected time, the favourable moment appears, when, as if illuminated by a flash of lightning, the ways of God are justified, and all the previous mystery is explained. Nature herself confirms this truth, teaching us many a deep lesson. From the apparently inanimate chrysalis emerges the perfected *imago*, the beautiful butterfly hovering through fields of air; out of seeming death comes life; out of the stormy cloud beams the rainbow.

Let us take, as an illustration, the history of

Joseph. Who could have foreseen that the prison, into which when a slave he was unjustly cast, was to be the needed stepping-stone to the exalted position of vice-regent over the land of Egypt? In one day the change came; but it was preceded by more than two years of apparently hopeless forgetfulness in the gloomy dungeon.

Or take Moses. How little could the daughter of Pharaoh have imagined, when she rescued the weeping Hebrew child from his cradle on the Nile, that that helpless infant would lead the hosts of Israel from under the yoke of Egyptian bondage, and be the instrument of destruction to her land and to her father's house? As little could Moses himself have foreseen his future destiny, when, an exile in the land of Midian, he led the flock of his father-in-law to the back side of the desert, even to Horeb. One moment a simple shepherd and a stranger; the next, the commissioned envoy of the Almighty. Once again he was to see those mountain fastnesses, but not as an outlaw or alone. How great the contrast, when, surrounded by the countless multitude, awe-stricken by the thunders of Mount Sinai, he became to them, in answer to their prayer, the mouthpiece of God!

Another similar crisis occurs in the life of the

great prophet Elijah. He, like Moses, had his training in solitude. In the wild and rocky region of the Judæan wilderness, down one of whose ravines the brook Cherith still flows, attesting its presence, even when at first unseen, by its ribbon of bright verdure,[1] the spirit of the lofty seer held communion with God. Sustained first by the fowls of the air, and afterwards by a "widow woman," marked out for death by an angry king, he suddenly rises into the dignity of his true position as the messenger and advocate of the Most High; while the descending fire from heaven attests his true commission, and the previously halting people, with one mighty shout exclaim, "The Lord, He is the God; the Lord, He is the God!"

Elijah's great counterpart, John the Baptist, that undaunted prophet who stands as a link between the Old and New Covenants, of whom it was predicted that "he should come in the strength and power of Elias," lived his desert life like one of the anchorites, or Eastern sages, till the hour was ripe for his "showing unto Israel"; then, like a giant rising in his strength, he strips hypocrisy bare, and proclaims himself as the herald of One mightier than he, who should "thoroughly purge his floor, gather

[1] Personal observation.

the wheat into the garner, and burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire."

There came a crisis, too, in the life of Him who was infinitely greater than all earth's greatest. Sheltered in the quiet home of Nazareth till "He began to be about thirty years of age," He emerged from the waters of His baptism as the anointed Son of God, henceforth no more to retire into obscurity till the words, "It is finished!" proclaimed from the cross that the work of redemption was complete.

Nor can we exclude from these illustrations taken from Holy Writ one last and memorable instance of special training for special service, culminating, as in a moment, in a new life of wondrous energy and power, exerted in a direction diametrically opposed to what might have been predicated from his previous surroundings. That from one "brought up at the feet of Gamaliel," "a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee, a Hebrew of the Hebrews," should spring a bigoted adherent of the Jewish sect, persecuting even to the death the despised Christians, would have been no marvel; but what was there in such antecedents likely to develop into the large, expansive soul of the Apostle to the Gentiles? We shall find the key. *God had been preparing him for his future work.*

Paul, having been born and educated at Tarsus, had the privileges of a Roman citizen, and was quite familiar with Greek, the learned language of the day. Strabo tells us that in literature and philosophy Tarsus excelled Athens and Alexandria. Hence it is probable that Paul had the advantage of a liberal and many-sided education, especially fitting him, after the scales had fallen from his eyes and he had exchanged the fetters of sectarianism for the glorious liberty which is in Christ Jesus, to preach the Gospel to Jew and Gentile, bond and free. From the summit of the Areopagus he could quote their own poets to listening Stoics and Epicureans; and to a Roman governor he could speak of judgment to come, till the ruler "trembled" before his prisoner.

From that memorable hour when the former "blasphemer" was transformed into the willing *doulos*, or "slave," of Jesus Christ, there was no halting between two opinions. The crisis once passed, there was no return. "Through stripes and imprisonment, through evil report and good report," he pursued his steadfast career of "abandonment" to the Master he loved; and could exclaim triumphantly at the end, in face of approaching martyrdom, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

From this rapid glance at God's dealings with the saints of old, we may pass on to trace the continuity of His designs, though carried out in varying ways, to the present time.

It is not intended to infer that there is in every case of individual conversion an equally marked crisis. Our Lord's own words are, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

The exact time of the spiritual birth may sometimes be hidden in obscurity; yet, in the career of those by whom the Lord has a special purpose to accomplish, the change is often conspicuously marked and attended with marked results to others.

To trace the turning-points in the lives of some of these, whose "distant footsteps" still "echo down the corridors of time," is the object which lies before us.

CYPRIAN OF CARTHAGE.

"Yea, and if I be offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy, and rejoice with you all."—*Phil.* ii. 17.

SECOND only in their remarkable features to the conversion of the great apostle himself, were the TURNING-POINTS in the lives of some of the "Fathers of the Church," as they are generally designated.

Cyprian, born in the third century, lived till he was forty-five years of age a heathen as to religion. He had attained to considerable reputation as a teacher of rhetoric, and enjoyed the wealth and honour attaching to such distinction. In the height of his popularity, his conversion to Christianity took place. Let us consider for a moment what this meant in that day. It meant the deliberate renunciation of all that the world had to offer of fame, admiration, and riches, and this, not when life had become a burden to him, but in the very zenith of vigorous manhood. It meant the casting in his lot with a despised and persecuted sect, to whom no crown but the crown of martyrdom was possible. He was won by that mightier love which made "the

citizen of no mean city" say, "I count all things loss for Christ." To the eyes of others the step was instantaneous, and has been described as "the transit of a meteor in a line of supernatural light, with no waxing or waning, but springing from the darkness at once into full splendour." Yet doubtless, notwithstanding the apparent suddenness of the change, there had been a powerful though silent work going on in his soul before the line was publicly crossed which separated him from the worship of the gods of his ancestors, and made him a devoted adherent of a religion "everywhere spoken against."

His resolution, once formed, was steadfastly adhered to; from that TURNING-POINT his steps were never retraced. The centre round which his whole being revolved, was no longer *self*, but Christ. His wealth was devoted for the benefit of widows and orphans—an outflow of that compassion which filled the heart of his Master. He wrote a treatise on the vanity of idols, not fearing to "count the cost" of the result to himself. The Christians hailed his accession to their number with profound joy, and forcibly appointed him Bishop of Carthage in 248.

Even at that early date, serious errors had crept into Christendom; and the love of many had waxed cold. But again the Church was to be tried "as

by fire." The renewal of the persecution under the Emperor Decius separated the grain from the chaff, and once more the only choice was between death or recantation.

The cry of "Thascius Cyprianus ad leones" was often heard; and since his death appeared inevitable if he remained at Carthage, and would have extinguished all hope of reforming the Church, he thought it most conducive to the general good that he should leave for a time, and remain in concealment. From his place of exile, however, he continued by his letters to direct everything, and to uphold the faith and constancy of the believers.

On his return to Carthage, in 252, he found the city desolated with the plague. This dire affliction called forth Christian graces: friends and enemies alike were cared for, visited, and relieved. Cyprian was in his element; and the earnest eloquence of his words opened the hearts and purses of the rich. It is clear from his treatise on Mortality, that he thought the world was drawing towards an end; and this foreshadowing was perhaps a special premonition, true as regarded himself.

The Emperor Valerian, during the last three years of his reign, became a merciless persecutor of the Christians, and Cyprian was brought up before the

proconsul of Carthage. "Art thou Thascius Cyprianus, the bishop of so many impious men?" said Galerius. "The most sacred emperor commands thee to sacrifice." "I will not sacrifice," was the undaunted reply. "Consider well," urged the proconsul. "Execute your orders," answered Cyprian; "the case admits of no consideration."

When the sentence was read, "It is the will of this court that Thascius Cyprianus be immediately beheaded," the martyr replied, "Thanks be to God!"

We seem to hear a faint echo of the words of Paul, "I am now ready to be offered." And again, "If I be offered on the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy, and rejoice with you all." A shout and loud response arose from the sympathetic crowd, "We will die with him!"

Many climbed into the trees to see the last end of their bishop. He laid aside his cloak and knelt down in prayer; ordered twenty-five gold pieces to be given to the trembling executioner bade him do his office quickly; covered his face with his hands, and calmly awaited the fatal stroke. His own words are a comment on his life and death. "He is not alone, who has Christ for his companion in flight. He is not alone, who, keeping the temple of God pure, cannot be without God wherever he is.

"And if, while wandering a fugitive in the desert or on the mountains, a robber overpowers him, famine, or cold, or thirst afflict him, or while speeding over the ocean, under press of sail, storm and tempest overwhelm him, Christ beholds his soldier wherever he fights, and awards to the man who, in consequence of persecution, dies for the honour of His name, the prize He has promised to give at the resurrection."

"Never despairing and never yielding;
Ever preparing and faithfully wielding
Weapons kept bright, and armour of light;
Shattering barriers which seemed adamantine.
Spurning the depth and scaling the height,
While, over all the turmoil and fray,
Shines in the dawn that heralds the day,
Starlit, a crown amaranthine."

AMBROSE OF MILAN.

"What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ."—*Phil.* iii. 7.

FROM Cyprian of Carthage to Ambrose of Milan is, in point of time, but a short step, though the scenes of their labours were in two different continents. The latter lived in the fourth century, the former, as already stated, in the third.

The TURNING-POINT, which transformed the whole career of Ambrose, changing him at once from a civil governor, holding an office similar to that of the mayoralty of some important town, and elevating him into the office of Bishop of Milan, was brought about through the instrumentality of a child!

It was a time of fierce religious disputation amongst parties of opposing views. Contentions were running high, as to who should fill the vacant see; the governor, by right of his authority, entered the church at Milan, the chief city over which he presided, to quell the uproar. How little did he

imagine the momentous events which hung upon that moment. Probably, had he foreseen them, he would have left the populace to settle its own affairs! Suddenly, a boy in the large and turbulent assembly, as if impelled by some resistless intuition, cried out, "Ambrose, Bishop!" The people re-echoed the choice, and the governor was helpless in their hands. Nothing could have been farther from his ideas than such a change in his destiny. His father, having been prætorian prefect over Gaul, Britain, and Spain, had brought up his son for a public life; and the latter had never had the remotest wish to enter the Church, regarding himself as altogether incompetent for so sacred a profession. Neither could he close his eyes to the immense difficulty attending the acceptance of the honour thrust upon him. He tried by various artifices to evade it, and finally stole out of Milan at midnight, like a criminal fleeing from justice. But the emperor and the people were inexorable; and finally, finding the struggle was in vain, he accepted his new position with heart and soul, determining to discharge its important functions in a manner befitting so high a calling.

Like Paul, like Cyprian, he at once renounced his former mode of life, and with all the energy of his character, embraced the new duties which devolved

upon him. He began in earnest to avail himself of the grand opportunities afforded, in seeking to restore order and relieve oppression.

In the spirit of that great apostle, who said, "I seek not yours, but you," he devoted his means to supply the necessities of the poor, and became the father of the orphan, the widow, and the prisoner.

He stood forth as the brave advocate of the orthodox faith in opposition to the Emperor Valentinian, who, exasperated at his fearless intrepidity, sent his guards to surround the church where the bishop was preaching, to demand his instant surrender. Calm and steadfast, he exhorted his people to remain unmoved, and the guards returned without their prisoner. He was no "hireling" to flee at the approach of the enemy. "I will not voluntarily," said he, "give up the sheep to be devoured by wolves. Draw your swords and spears against me; I will die at my post." But his heroic constancy prevailed, and he did not die a martyr.

Once more, on another occasion, an attempt was made to force him by soldiery to vacate his church. He made no attempt to oppose arms to arms, but his people encircled their bishop, and, night and day, their voices arose in songs to heaven. The power of passive endurance again conquered; and when the

warriors had left them in peace, doubtless those strains took the form of a doxology.

One of the most striking traits in the character of Ambrose was his faithfulness in rebuking sin, even when found in high quarters. The Emperor Theodosius, in a fit of anger caused by some insult, had allowed the city of Thessalonica to be delivered for three hours to the fury of his soldiers. Ambrose expostulated with him so earnestly by letter that the emperor humbled himself in the dust, and mutual respect and affection were afterwards restored.

Such an incident does honour alike to bishop and to emperor. In his funeral oration on Theodosius, Ambrose says: "I loved the man who preferred the person who told him the strictest truth to the flatterers." It was an incalculable blessing to the distracted Church that such a man was chosen by God to come to the front at such a time; yet we must candidly allow that he was by no means free from the mistakes and errors of his day. Possibly, if he had been too much in advance of the age in which he lived, he would not have been so well fitted to influence it for good. He was deeply tinctured with the prevalent asceticism, and cannot be said to have enjoyed to the full "the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free," yet he had

bright glimpses of His surpassing worth to the soul.

His keen spiritual perception and his glowing thoughts must have penetrated and lit up his sermons, for Augustine tells us that when himself in the coldness of scepticism the impression made upon him by the discourses of Ambrose was first inwardly expressed by the exclamation, "How fine!" and afterwards, "How true!"

The seed of Divine truth was thus unconsciously sown in the heart of one who, though then an unbeliever, became afterwards even more widely known in the Christian Church than the illustrious preacher.

Like other eminent ministers, Ambrose was earnest in pressing on his hearers the study of the Holy Scriptures.

"Meditate," he says, "on the law the whole day; you must not go through it cursorily. . . . What do you gain? Not land, money or gems, but Jesus Christ, to whom no price or ornament can be compared. Take as your counsellor Moses, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Peter, Paul, John, and the greatest Counsellor of all, Jesus, the Son of God, that you may gain the Father."

Ambrose, like Luther, found relief, in the midst of pressure from within and from without; in outpouring

his soul in melody; and several noble hymns in Latin remain as an heirloom to the Church.

But the time was approaching when he was to sing "the new song," with the angelic choir above.

When his last fatal illness commenced, he was earnestly exhorted by the principal inhabitants of Milan, who felt the calamity of the impending loss, to pray for his own recovery. "I have not so lived among you," replied he, "as to be ashamed to live. I have so good a Master that I am not afraid to die!" In the year 327, at the age of 64, in the attitude and act of prayer, the good Bishop breathed out his soul into the hands of Him who gave it.

"Worthy of all adoration
  Is the Lamb that once was slain,
Cry in raptured exultation
His redeemed from every nation;
  Angel myriads join the strain,
Sounding from their sinless strings
Glory to the King of kings;
Harping, with their harps of gold,
Praise that never can be told."

F. R. H.

AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO.

"The law of the Spirit of life, in Christ Jesus, hath made me free from the law of sin and death."—*Rom.* viii. 2.

No less remarkable in its apparent abruptness, and closely allied in circumstance, inasmuch as a child was the instrumentality employed, was the TURNING-POINT in the life of the renowned Augustine of Hippo. Let us not fail to notice, in passing, how what has since been known as the "Dark Continent" poured forth, in bygone centuries, light from various centres.

Born in 354, the son of a heathen father and Christian mother, his course up to early manhood was that of a self-worshipper. Thirsting for fame, ambitious, ardent, and aspiring, his great aim was to become an orator, and to shine by his brilliant natural and cultivated abilities. The tender admonitions of his saintly mother Monica were long rejected, though he could never banish from his memory the *one name* upon which she most loved to dwell.

"For this name of my Saviour," he says afterwards, "my tender heart had drunk with my mother's milk,

and deeply treasured; and I could not be completely captivated by anything that wanted His name, however learned, polished, or true." At one time he turned to the Bible in his quest for truth; but to his yet unenlightened mind the rapt poetry of Isaiah, the heart utterances of the Psalms of David, the beautiful simplicity of the Four Evangelists, and even the Epistles of one skilled in learning and brought up at the feet of a doctor of the Jewish law, seemed flat in comparison with the stirring orations of Cicero.

Notwithstanding a grasp of mind and a subtlety of intellect which made him in the polemical school as a giant compared with ordinary men, he furnished in himself a corroboration of the words of the great apostle: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Thus open to the attacks of the enemy, who, under varied transformations, sometimes as an angel of light, sometimes as a roaring lion, "walketh about, seeking whom he may devour," he became an easy prey to grave religious errors. The soul of man, unable to be a support to itself, if it anchors not in God, is driven to seek some false anchor, and finding this fail, too often suffers shipwreck; hence the frequent lapse of

superstition into infidelity. Augustine, with all his learning, proved no exception: he became a believer in astrology, and looked to the stars as revealers of destiny!

But better days were at hand. The death of a young man, to whom he was ardently attached, showed him the "aching void" which nothing in himself nor in the outward creation could fill.

The dregs of a bitter cup had to be drained before that grand discovery could be made which is the prelude to immortal joy,—

> "Nor man nor angel satisfy
> Whom only God created."

From what depths of personal experience could he afterwards write!—"O God, Thou hast created the soul of man for Thyself; and he is restless till he rests in Thee."

The sensitive mind of Augustine almost sank beneath his grief, which he had to bear alone. It is as if he were saying to himself, in the words of our Poet Laureate,—

> "Something it is which thou hast lost,
> Some pleasure from thine early years;
> Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
> That grief hath shaken into frost!"

He left Tagaste, his own birthplace, where his friend had died, and returned to Carthage, seeking to employ his mind by attempts to find the answer to Pilate's memorable question, "*What is truth?*"

Alas! or rather, well for him, the search, made in his own strength, was fruitless.

Wearied and disappointed, he realized his own impotence. Hearing of some who renounced what the world had to offer, he started up and exclaimed, "What ails us? What did you hear? The unlearned take the kingdom by force, while we, with our learning, wallow in flesh and blood." He rushed into the garden, and tried, with the lion-like force of determined effort, to break his chain. But the struggle only showed how firm were the fetters that bound him.

Exhausted and despairing, he burst into tears, crying, "How long, how long? To-morrow and to-morrow? Why not now? Why is there not this hour an end to my uncleanness?" Surely that strong cry for deliverance was heard in heaven, for at the same instant the sweet voice of a child was heard from a neighbouring house, "Tolle, lege,—tolle, lege." (Take, read.) The words seemed to Augustine's seeking mind a direct answer to his prayer, and, returning at once to the house, he opened Paul's

Epistles, his eye falling immediately upon the 13th verse of the 13th chapter in the Romans: "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh." Now the TURNING-POINT had come. The shackles were burst, he was "free in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." Thrilled with a new joy, he poured out his thankful heart in the bosom of his mother.

"The child of many prayers" is restored to her embrace; a deeper chord is struck in the angelic choir. That faithful parent, unwearied in her approaches to the throne of grace for her misguided son, had received at length all that she had asked. She could say, in the fulness of her gratitude, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!"

The providence of God was now clearly manifested, in having permitted Augustine to become acquainted with the theological errors of the day, that he might be the better able to refute them. He soon showed himself to be a sharp and powerful antagonist of the sophisms which he had before advocated; like Paul, he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, nor did he hesitate to testify to the power of that grace by which he was what he was. The transition step from

the ineffectual struggle so vividly depicted in the 7th chapter of the Romans, to the triumphant victory recorded in the 8th, was re-enacted in his own experience. Henceforth the groans of bondage were exchanged for the shouts of triumph. "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," became the secret of his strength.

Reviewing, at a later period, his early conflicts and difficulties, he thus writes to Donatus: "While I lay in darkness it appeared to me a harsh and difficult thing, as my manners then were, to obtain what Divine grace had promised; namely, that a man should be born again, and that he should in his mind become altogether a new creature. 'How can so great a grace be possible?' said I, 'that a man should suddenly and at once put off what nature and habit have confirmed in him?' These evils are deeply and closely fixed in us. How shall he, who has been accustomed to purple, gold, and costly attire, condescend to the simplicity of a plebeian habit? Can he who was delighted with the honours of ambition live private and obscure?

"These reflections engaged my mind very often, for they were peculiarly applicable to my own case. I was myself entangled in many errors of my former life, from which I did not think it possible to

be cleared; hence, I favoured my vices, and through despair of what was better, I stuck close to them as part of my very frame and constitution. But after the filth of my former sins was washed away in the laver of regeneration, and Divine light from above had infused itself into my heart, now purified and cleansed; after, through the effusion of the Holy Spirit from heaven, the new birth had made me a new creature indeed—immediately, and in an amazing manner dubious things began to be cleared up, things once shut were opened, dark things shone forth, and what before appeared difficult, and even impossible, now appeared easy and practicable. I saw that that which was born after the flesh and had lived enslaved by wickedness was 'of the earth, earthy,' but that the new life, now animated by the Holy Ghost, began to be of God. You know and recollect my conversion from a deadly criminal state to a state of lively virtue; you know what these opposite states have done for me, what they have taken away, and what they have conferred. Of God it is—of God, I say, even all that we can do; thence we live; thence we have strength; even though, as yet, placed here below, we have some clear foretaste of our future felicity. Only let fear be the guardian of innocence, that the Lord, who kindly

shone into our minds with an effusion of heavenly grace, may be detained as our guest by the steady obedience of the soul which delights in Him, lest pardon received should beget a careless presumption, and the old enemy break in afresh. But if you keep the road of innocence and of righteousness, if you walk with footsteps that do not slide, if, depending upon God with all your heart and all your might, you be only what you have begun to be, you will then find that according to the proportion of faith so will your attainments and enjoyments be. For no bound or measure can be assigned in the reception of Divine grace, as is the case of earthly benefits. The Holy Spirit is poured forth copiously: is confined by no limits, is restrained by no barriers. He flows perpetually; He bestows in rich abundance. Let our heart only thirst and be open to receive Him, as much of capacious faith as we bring so much abounding grace do we draw from Him. Thus, in what we have already begun to be, our new spiritual nature, which is entirely the gift of God, triumphs in its freedom from the bondage of sin and Satan; though, till our corruptible body and members be changed, the prospect is obscured by the clouds of worldly objects. What a faculty, what an energy is this!—that the soul should not only be

emancipated from slavery, and be made free and pure, but also stronger and more efficient, so as to become victorious and triumphant over the powers of the enemy!"

In the early part of the fourth century Augustine was appointed Bishop of Hippo, and from that time to this, his name and influence have penetrated the Christian world. As a preacher, he threw his soul into what he was saying, and abounded in illustrations which brought home his discourses to his hearers.

Showing the folly of delaying reformation under the idea of living long, he tells them that no one delays taking his dinner because he knows it is to be a good one, and no one puts off a good dinner because it is to be a long one.

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CHAPTER II.

PETER WALDO.

NICHOLAS OF BASLE, AND TAULER OF STRASBURG.

GERARD GROOTE.

FLORENTIUS RADEWIN.

Epistles, his eye falling immediately upon the 13th verse of the 13th chapter in the Romans: "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh." Now the TURNING-POINT had come. The shackles were burst, he was "free in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." Thrilled with a new joy, he poured out his thankful heart in the bosom of his mother.

"The child of many prayers" is restored to her embrace; a deeper chord is struck in the angelic choir. That faithful parent, unwearied in her approaches to the throne of grace for her misguided son, had received at length all that she had asked. She could say, in the fulness of her gratitude, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!"

The providence of God was now clearly manifested, in having permitted Augustine to become acquainted with the theological errors of the day, that he might be the better able to refute them. He soon showed himself to be a sharp and powerful antagonist of the sophisms which he had before advocated; like Paul, he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, nor did he hesitate to testify to the power of that grace by which he was what he was. The transition step from

the ineffectual struggle so vividly depicted in the 7th chapter of the Romans, to the triumphant victory recorded in the 8th, was re-enacted in his own experience. Henceforth the groans of bondage were exchanged for the shouts of triumph. "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," became the secret of his strength.

Reviewing, at a later period, his early conflicts and difficulties, he thus writes to Donatus: "While I lay in darkness it appeared to me a harsh and difficult thing, as my manners then were, to obtain what Divine grace had promised; namely, that a man should be born again, and that he should in his mind become altogether a new creature. 'How can so great a grace be possible?' said I, 'that a man should suddenly and at once put off what nature and habit have confirmed in him?' These evils are deeply and closely fixed in us. How shall he, who has been accustomed to purple, gold, and costly attire, condescend to the simplicity of a plebeian habit? Can he who was delighted with the honours of ambition live private and obscure?

"These reflections engaged my mind very often, for they were peculiarly applicable to my own case. I was myself entangled in many errors of my former life, from which I did not think it possible to

be cleared; hence, I favoured my vices, and through despair of what was better, I stuck close to them as part of my very frame and constitution. But after the filth of my former sins was washed away in the laver of regeneration, and Divine light from above had infused itself into my heart, now purified and cleansed; after, through the effusion of the Holy Spirit from heaven, the new birth had made me a new creature indeed—immediately, and in an amazing manner dubious things began to be cleared up, things once shut were opened, dark things shone forth, and what before appeared difficult, and even impossible, now appeared easy and practicable. I saw that that which was born after the flesh and had lived enslaved by wickedness was 'of the earth, earthy,' but that the new life, now animated by the Holy Ghost, began to be of God. You know and recollect my conversion from a deadly criminal state to a state of lively virtue; you know what these opposite states have done for me, what they have taken away, and what they have conferred. Of God it is—of God, I say, even all that we can do; thence we live; thence we have strength; even though, as yet, placed here below, we have some clear foretaste of our future felicity. Only let fear be the guardian of innocence, that the Lord, who kindly

shone into our minds with an effusion of heavenly grace, may be detained as our guest by the steady obedience of the soul which delights in Him, lest pardon received should beget a careless presumption, and the old enemy break in afresh. But if you keep the road of innocence and of righteousness, if you walk with footsteps that do not slide, if, depending upon God with all your heart and all your might, you be only what you have begun to be, you will then find that according to the proportion of faith so will your attainments and enjoyments be. For no bound or measure can be assigned in the reception of Divine grace, as is the case of earthly benefits. The Holy Spirit is poured forth copiously: is confined by no limits, is restrained by no barriers. He flows perpetually; He bestows in rich abundance. Let our heart only thirst and be open to receive Him, as much of capacious faith as we bring so much abounding grace do we draw from Him. Thus, in what we have already begun to be, our new spiritual nature, which is entirely the gift of God, triumphs in its freedom from the bondage of sin and Satan; though, till our corruptible body and members be changed, the prospect is obscured by the clouds of worldly objects. What a faculty, what an energy is this!—that the soul should not only be

emancipated from slavery, and be made free and pure, but also stronger and more efficient, so as to become victorious and triumphant over the powers of the enemy!"

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"As poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."—2 *Cor.* vi. 10.

WE cannot but notice how sometimes in God's dealings with mankind a very slight incident gives the direction to the whole of after-life. Great events, too, that startle the world have not burst upon it so suddenly as appears. There has been the seething of an internal fire before the conflagration; there have been internal rumblings before the earthquake. God has never suffered the torch of His truth to die out even in the darkest times: it is conveyed from hand to hand till the age is ready for a general illumination. Let us pass over a few centuries after the death of Augustine, to trace the preliminary steps which led to the crisis in the history of some of these torch-bearers who heralded the approach of the glorious Reformation.

Amongst them, a prominent place must be assigned to Peter Waldo, from whom the noble pro-

mulgators of religious liberty known as the Waldensees (or dwellers in the valleys) took their rise.

It is not our province here to dwell upon their sufferings or their fortitude, or the noble and fearless witness which they bore for the Gospel in the face of persecution and death; we must confine ourselves to a brief sketch of their founder, and the remarkable TURNING-POINT which transformed his whole after career.

He was born in the twelfth century, at a time when the thick veil of superstition had obscured the light of early Christianity. Over our own free land of England the bondage of papal supremacy and papal enactments was exerting its sway. The flagellation of Henry the Second at the tomb of Thomas à Becket, the ignominious surrender of the crown to the Pope by the pusillanimous John, witness to the abject subjection of the temporal to the priestly power.

In a still greater degree was this the case on the continent of Europe. The spirit of Hildebrand, before whose door in the depth of a severe winter the Emperor of Germany had remained for days as a suppliant, still dwelt in his successors. The idea of a conscience responsible only to God, with the New Testament as its only standard of appeal, was sternly

trampled underfoot by those who called themselves the vicegerents of Christ.

In the midst of this palpable darkness Peter grew up to manhood. Being early distinguished by energy of character, he made his mark as a man of business, and was popular in a distinguished circle of friends.

One night he was supping with some opulent citizens of Lyons, and taking part, as was usual, in some amusements afterwards. In the midst of the sport, we are told, one of the company profanely used the name of the Almighty with an oath, and instantly fell dead on the floor. In a moment the reality of the unseen world burst upon Waldo's soul. The impression was deepened by a very different event. One Sabbath, as he was walking through the streets of the city, his ear was caught by the tones of a pilgrim minstrel, who was reciting in song the story of the peaceful death of St. Alexis. He listened spellbound, invited the minstrel to his home, and drank in his conversation as the long-parched soil receives the warm summer showers. From that hour he became a new man. The TURNING-POINT was reached. He was prepared to surrender everything that stood in the way of his new aspirations. Earthly things lost their significance: henceforth

the salvation of his soul became his one absorbing desire.

But true religion is no selfish thing. When the burden of sin is rolled away, and peace and joy in believing takes its place, the sense of free forgiveness expands the heart, and the liberated captive burns to communicate the glad tidings to others. This "master passion" fired the soul of Waldo. Like his successors Wickliffe and Luther, and like Moffat and Carey in our own day, he saw that the presentation of the Scriptures to the people in their own language was of paramount importance; and he caused the Bible to be translated into the Romance tongue, which was then commonly spoken in that part of France. His wealth he devoted to the relief of the distressed, and his house was opened for religious instruction. He began also to preach in public places, showing from the Bible that the corruptions introduced by the Papacy, such as masses, purgatory, the dedication of temples, and the worship of the saints, proceeded, not from God's revealed truth, but from the kingdom of darkness.

His blameless life, to which even his enemies bore witness, supported the truths he taught; and, notwithstanding the opposition of pope and clergy, his success was marvellous. God sent a message through

his servant which could not be gainsayed. Waldo himself went beyond the practice of his followers, for he not only disapproved of oaths, but "held it unchristian to shed blood." At length the Council of Tours took alarm, and the Archbishop of Lyons forbade the little band of laymen to take on them the function of preachers, threatening them with excommunication as heretics if they persevered. But Waldo replied, that "in a matter of such infinite importance as the salvation of men he could not hold his peace, and that he must obey God rather than man." Persecution followed the noble confessors of the faith, as it had done the apostles, and "they were dispersed," says De Thou, "as strangers through Narbonne, Lombardy, and especially among the Alps, where, having obtained a secure retreat, they lay hid for many years." Thus, like the early Christians, they were scattered abroad; and thus, by God's providence, did they sow the seeds of the kingdom, the fruit of which remains till the present day.

Waldo went into Provence and Languedoc, and founded many congregations. He travelled also into Picardy, the Netherlands, and Flanders, visiting Germany and Saxony; and finally, after unremitting labours, he settled down in Bohemia. There he found an open door for his teaching, little foreseeing

that the result of his Scriptural expositions would be nothing less than to lay the foundation for that outburst of contention for the faith which found expression in after years in the noble life and death of John Huss, the pioneer of the glorious Reformation.

The shadows of the evening of a stirring life gathered quietly around Waldo. "Requiescit in pace" might have been inscribed on his tombstone.

"The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And life's long labours closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Servant of God, well done!
Praise be thy new employ,
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Master's joy."

NICHOLAS AND TAULER.

"Which things we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual."—1 *Cor.* ii. 13.

In the fourteenth century lived two very remarkable men, of whom the one was so influenced by the other that we cannot consider them separately. One was a layman and the other a doctor of divinity; but the layman was the master and the doctor the pupil. We allude to Nicholas of Basle and John Tauler of Strasburg.

The TURNING-POINT of Tauler's life was due instrumentally to Nicholas. In one respect the transition differed materially from the instances previously cited: it was not a change from a life devoted to worldly ambition or pleasure to God, but from that of a religious teacher, without experimental acquaintance with the truths he taught, to one who, from a vital union with Christ, poured forth out of the abundance of his heart the aspirations which had quickened his whole being, and enabled him to say,

"I speak that I do know." Neither Tauler nor Nicholas ever separated from the Roman Catholic Church, but they might truly be called "Reformers before the Reformation," for they saw and preached against the corruptions of the dark age in which they lived; and Nicholas sealed his holy life with his blood at the age of ninety.

Tauler was an eminent Strasburg divine, mighty in the Scriptures, but, like Apollos, needing to be taught the way of God more perfectly; and before his acquaintance with Nicholas he was a stranger in his own experience to the new birth. Nicholas felt himself called of the Lord to go and find out Tauler. He accordingly went and attended his preaching. In a chronicle found at Strasburg (quoted in Ketterwell's "Life of Thomas à Kempis") is the following description, from Adolf Arnstein, of the personal appearance of this remarkable layman. He says: "Observed close under the pulpit a stranger, by his dress from the Oberland, who did diligently write down from time to time what the doctor said: a man of notable presence, in the prime of life, with large, piercing eyes under shaggy brows, eagle nose, thoughtful head—altogether so royal a man I never saw before."

The sermon of the eloquent doctor, though full of

instruction, appeared to the divinely-illumined mind of Nicholas wanting in the life and power of the Spirit. It seemed to him that the strong food Tauler was giving to others had not been first his own meat and drink, and that therefore his preaching was ineffectual to the conversion of his hearers. He sought an interview with Tauler, and told him candidly how he felt. "Though you have taught us many good things in this sermon," said he, "the image came into my mind while you were preaching that it was as if one should take good wine and mix it with lees, so that it should become muddy. In the life you are now living you have no light, but are in the night, in which you are indeed able to understand the letter, but have not yet tasted the sweetness of the Holy Ghost." Tauler, whose reputation as a preacher stood high, was at first both astonished and offended at such plainness of speech from a layman; but with an equal nobility of soul, recognising the truth of the message, he received it, and it became the turning-point of his life. A time of severe inward proving followed; it cost him a painful effort to renounce his self-righteousness and the esteem of his fellow-men, and to cast himself alone on his Divine Master for ability for service.

For some years he discontinued his preaching, and when he resumed it it was with very different results.

He went into the pulpit, bowed down under the sense of his own nothingness, his eyes filled with tears, and his heart subdued with emotion, as he uttered the earnest prayer: "O merciful, eternal God! if it be Thy will, give me so to speak that it may be to the praise and glory of Thy name, and to the good of this people!"

That day his feelings so overcame him that he was not able to preach, but, casting himself on the Lord, he remained for awhile in silent supplication, and then, apologising to the congregation, let them depart.

After this apparent failure, it was some time before he was again permitted to preach, but when liberty to do so was again granted, the power of the Lord was wonderfully manifested. He took the text, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him." As he went on with his discourse the hearts of the people became greatly affected; one man exclaimed, "It is true," and forty persons remained on their seats when the sermon was over, under strong conviction.

From that time great and marked blessings at-

tended Tauler's preaching. Luther's testimony respecting the value of his sermons is interesting. In his letters to Spalatin, written in 1516, he says: "I have never met in German or Latin a sounder theology, and which agreed more completely with the Gospel."

In the time of the Plague, or "Black Death," which visited parts of Germany and France in 1348, when 16,000 died in Strasburg alone, he devoted himself to minister to the sick and dying; and remonstrated with those priests who deserted the poor sufferers in their time of affliction, declaring that Christ had died for *all* men, and denying the power of the Pope to close heaven against an innocent person who should die under the interdict.

The Pope was, of course, extremely offended, and banished Tauler from the city which so much needed his presence.

During his last illness he sent for his friend Nicholas, and commended to his care the record of the discourses they had had together, urging that if they should be made more public for the use of others no names should be given; "for thou must know," said the doctor. "that of a truth the life and words and works which God hath wrought through me, a poor, unworthy, sinful man, are not mine,

but belong to God Almighty, now and for evermore."

Thus had the great man learned to sit as a little child at the feet of Christ, and had realized the benediction of the Master: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Relying alone on Christ for salvation, he passed into His immediate presence, as a child runs into its mother's arms and is at rest.

His heart language might have found expression in the words of Charlotte Elliott:

> "I need no holy oil
> To anoint my lips in death;
> No priestly power my guilt to assail
> And aid my parting breath;
> Long since those words bade fear to cease,
> 'Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.'"

GERARD GROOTE.

"A workman that needeth not to be ashamed."—2 *Tim.* ii. 15.

PASSING by the familiar names of Wickliffe and Huss, men in whom the light seems to have gradually grown brighter and brighter, as the first gleams of the morning imperceptibly usher in the day, we turn to one whose portraiture is less generally known, yet who acted an important part in preparing the way for the great Reformation, and the TURNING-POINT in whose life is clearly defined.

Gerard Groote, or the Great, was born at Deventer, in the Netherlands, in 1340.

He had the benefit of a liberal education, and graduated at the University of Paris in his eighteenth year.

It was a time in which the arts of magic were pursued with strange credulity, and the young man gave himself up to their fascination. He threw himself also into the vortex of worldly amusements, "treated himself to the richest food and most costly wine, dressed his hair, wore gay clothes, a girdle

with silver ornaments, and a cloak of the finest fur."

While attending some public game, a stranger said to him, "Why dost thou stand here intent on vanities? Thou must become another man."

Not long after an old Parisian acquaintance, meeting him at Utrecht, spoke to him very earnestly on the instability of earthly things, and on the solemn realities of death and eternity. The chord, twice struck, vibrated in response.

The change was thorough and complete. Like the Apostle Paul, he was "not disobedient" to the heavenly message; he at once burnt his costly books of magic, and calmly braved the derision which followed his new course of life. The turning-point, leading to such far-spreading results, was taken at the early age of thirty-four.

Groote, like others designed by God for important service, had his "Arabia" and his "Horeb." He spent three years in seclusion, in prayer, and in the careful perusal of the Holy Scriptures; and he emerged from his solitude well furnished for the work and labour of love to which he devoted his life.

Simply attired as a Christian teacher, he travelled through towns and villages, preaching freely, and

exhorting the people to amendment and repentance, in thrilling words of burning eloquence.

Multitudes crowded to hear him, and he was obliged to preach in the open air, because the places of worship were too small for the audience.

"It was not, however," says Kettlewell, "the fruitfulness of his discourses and the ready flow of his eloquence that so much impressed his hearers, but a very different thing. Here was a preacher who spoke, not because it was his professional duty or for the sake of profit, but willingly and gratuitously, from a sincere love of Christ and with a burning zeal for souls; so that it was impossible not to mark the deep concern and intense seriousness with which he spoke, as of one who had learnt by experience the truth of what he said, and who sealed and enforced it by his daily course of life." In the midst of their meals or business men and women would flock together to listen to his earnest exhortations. He frequently preached twice a day for three hours at a time, and the result showed itself, not in a mere temporary excitement, but in real conversion of heart.

It was no wonder that the enmity of the monks and clergy was aroused, and that they were ready to say, as he unsparingly attacked the errors of the day,

and the impure lives of many of their own class, "What new doctrine is this?"

The Bishop of Utrecht forbade him to preach; and finding a gentle remonstrance on his part unavailing, Groote quietly submitted to the restraint, and turned his energies for the good of others into a new channel.

The art of printing had not yet been discovered, and knowledge had to be diffused through the tedious medium of transcribing with the pen.

This labour, however, had its advantage, for Gerard employed young men as copyists; and thus they became familiar with the Holy Scriptures, and with other devotional books.

They formed themselves into a little society, one of the main objects of which was to teach the people gratuitously to read and write, arts of difficult accomplishment in that day. They called themselves "Brethren of the Common Lot," and lived by manual labour and by voluntary contributions, for which, however, they never asked except under absolute necessity. Kindred establishments were opened in different places, and were as beacon lights shining in the darkness around. Thither came the poor to be fed, the ignorant to be educated, the homeless for an asylum. Not a few of illustrious birth and abounding means gave their earthly fame and wealth

in exchange for a peaceful retreat, in which they could devote their days to the service of God and man. They considered it no condescension to cook the dinner or wait upon the lowliest there.

But whilst the "Brethren" were characterized by the utmost simplicity, they were far from excluding mental culture. Greek and Latin were taught on an improved system, and from their midst went forth "some of the most eminent revisers of ancient literature at the close of the fifteenth and commencement of the sixteenth century." One name in the community will probably outlive that of all the others—the famous Thomas à Kempis, well known as the author of "The Imitation of Christ." He was very skilful in the art of writing, and delighted to multiply devotional works in this way, copying the whole of the Scriptures with his own hand. In his love for the sacred records, he followed in the steps of Gerard, who took great pains in searching for the most correct manuscripts, which were then transcribed by some of the members of the fraternity "con amore," and with consummate care.

Gerard "considered Christ as the Root of Life, and the sole foundation of the Church." It was his earnest desire to see the spirit of early Christianity restored; he substituted a simple affirmation for the

use of oaths, and by his own example inculcated amongst those associated with him a life of watchfulness and humility.

In the midst of his varied labours the call was given to "come up higher."

His heart had turned with earnest longing to the inheritance of the saints. "What have I any longer to do here on earth?" had been his query. "Oh that I were with my Master in heaven!" The answer to this aspiration was not long delayed.

In 1384 the plague appeared in Deventer, and Gerard went to minister to one of his friends who was taken ill. He became himself a sacrifice, and finding his end near, he said: "Lo, I am now summoned by the Lord. The hour of my departure is come."

To his weeping brethren he gave his last exhortations: "Set your confidence in God, my dear friends, and fear not what the men of the world may say. Be steadfast; for man cannot prevent what God has determined to accomplish."

Then he quietly passed away to his heavenly home, in the 45th year of his age.

"Out of the shadows of sadness,
Into the sunshine of gladness,
Into the light of the blest;

Out of a land very dreary,
Out of the world of the weary,
Into the rapture of rest."

FLORENTIUS RADEWIN.

"Being affectionately desirous of you, we were willing to have imparted unto you, not the Gospel of God only, but also our own souls, because ye were dear unto us."—1 *Thess.* ii. 8.

A STAR in the same constellation, and shining at the same period, was Florentius Radewin, a short sketch of whose saintly life, and of the events which led him to exchange a worldly career for one of self-sacrificing devotion to the service of God and man, may fitly succeed that of Gerard Groote, with which it was indeed blended.

He was born in 1350, of opulent parents, and in every sense of the word he was a true gentleman, courted and highly esteemed at the celebrated University of Prague by his friends and fellow-students.

His prospects for life were flattering, but a nobler future than all his dreams of selfish ambition could have pictured lay before him, for the time was at hand when, like the great apostle, he could say from the depth of a full heart, "What things were gain to me, these I counted loss for Christ," and in con-

senting to lose what the world had to offer he exchanged a corruptible for an incorruptible crown.

As in many other instances, the TURNING-POINT in his character was in the first place effected through a narrow escape from death, which, humanly speaking, seemed inevitable. He was on the very point of being run over by a chariot, descending rapidly behind him, where the road was too narrow to allow of his retreat. "In that critical moment," says his biographer, "he fled to the Divine arm for help, vowing, in a swift moment, to give himself to God's service if He should spare him." He does not seem to have known by what means his deliverance was accomplished; enough to say his prayer was heard, and his life given him "for a prey." About this time Gerard Groote was rousing the country with his heart-stirring sermons, and Florentius was transfixed with his burning words. His course was taken; and from henceforth he stands before us in the beautiful picture drawn of him by Thomas à Kempis, his close companion, as one who might truly have said, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Less than the least in his own eyes, he walked humbly and prayerfully with his God, living a simple and natural life amongst others, full of "acts of compassion towards the poor, the sick, and the stranger,"

and thus following in the steps of his Divine Master, who "went about doing good." He joined the "Brothers of Common Life," of whom mention has been made before, who were held by no monastic vows, but freely banded themselves together as a fraternity, having all things in common, and devoted to the love of God and their neighbour.

In the gloomy times of the dark ages, when strife was raging in the Church and in the world, these retreats were like "a lodge in the vast wilderness," for which Cowper sighed, and which indeed, as a central light for the diffusion of education, for charity to the poor, and for reminding man of his higher destiny, we can hardly over-estimate. Florentius, though appointed a priest by Groote, sorely against his will, continued to take his turn as assistant cook in the kitchen, and enforced, both by his example and words, the duty of labour and the sin of idleness. "Sanctified labour," he said, "is most useful for all spiritual progress. For that charity is more pleasing to God, and shines more brightly, which proceeds from the sweat of the brow, and being sought for in honest labour, refreshes the indigent." In this "labour" was comprised that of copying the Holy Scriptures and other books, which those who were not accustomed to hard manual work could easily

practice, and which, in those days, before printing was discovered, was an inestimable benefit.

There seemed to be no labour of love to which Florentius did not put his hand and heart. Little children shared his care; the afflicted, especially those who suffered from any repulsive disease, the poor, the feeble, all were welcomed for the love of Christ.

"How good is that man Florentius!" these needy ones would say; "and how good are those brethren dwelling with him, who freely give us such things for God's sake!" Nor did this benevolence cost them nothing. In a time of special distress one hour beyond the accustomed time of their labour was voluntarily added that they might earn something more by writing, to supply the need of those who thronged for help to the door from which none were sent empty away. Florentius was far more pitiful to others than to himself: his mistake lay in neglecting that care for his body which might have prolonged his life. He faded by a slow decay of nature, before his time, and it seemed as if it was only the earnest prayers of the Church which won him back, as it were, once and again from the eternal world. His "dying sayings" were in harmony with his life and conversation. "There is

peace, there is spiritual growth, where all in fervour of spirit strive to be of one mind, and conform themselves in all things to the humility of Christ. Remain in your humble simplicity, and Christ will remain with you."

Thus, full of the spirit of that Master whom he had "loved with all his heart" and delighted to serve, he was gently released from "the burden of the flesh," and his redeemed spirit ascended to Him "in whose presence there is fulness of joy." The thoughts of his weeping friends might well have found expression in words akin to those of the well-known lines of F. Hemans:—

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now;
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust, to its narrow house beneath,
Soul, to its place on high;
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die."

Compiled by permission from "Thomas à Kempis and the Brothers of Common Life," by Rev. J. Kettlewell.

CHAPTER III.

SAVONAROLA.

LUTHER.

FRANCIS XAVIER.

CHAPTER III.

SAVONAROLA.

"I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God."—*Acts* xx. 27.

LET us look with earnest gaze at the next portrait on the canvas, for the TURNING-POINT in the life of Savonarola, the great Florentine reformer, led to such marked results that it is well worth the tracing.

His lot was to be born in the middle of the 15th century, in the gay city of Ferrara, where, lost amidst the ceaseless round of worldly festivities, or crushed beneath the iron hand of Papal assumption, the fair form of Religion might have been searched for almost in vain.

Belonging to a good family, early devoted to intellectual pursuits, and imbibing, while he studied Plato, something of his spirit, he awoke to a depressing sense of the unreality around him, and sadly queried, "Cui bono?" but no satisfactory answer was returned. Literature had been weighed

in the balances and found wanting; Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas could not quench the fevered thirst of his soul, pleasure could not fill the "aching void"; where should he turn for rest?

The crisis had arrived. This world had nothing satisfying to offer; he must look to a higher.

There was then only one cure known for a sin-sick soul—the bosom of the Church; and Savonarola, escaping secretly from home, entered the convent of the Dominicans at Bologna, in 1475.

Here he was destined to be again disappointed, and even more bitterly than before. Yet one great point was gained. He no longer trusted his feet to the shifting quicksands of human opinion, but "henceforth rejected all authority as absolute but that of the Bible." He made it his sole book, and almost learnt it by heart. Thus he stood, as it were, on the very threshold of the Reformation, but remained just outside.

He became a priest, for the living truths which the Spirit of God had taught him in secret must be communicated to others. He began to preach, but the torrent of his thoughts overwhelmed him, and forbade the power of adequate utterance, so that his first attempts were a failure. Nevertheless, to find a vent to his feelings became a necessity to

him, and he went into obscure places, having for his audiences young men and children. A black cloud at that time hung over Christendom; the so-called "Vicars of Christ," Sextus IV., Innocent VIII., and Alexander VI., were wolves in sheep's clothing, to whom the denunciations against the false shepherds, contained in the 34th chapter of Ezekiel, were but too applicable. Savonarola could no longer remain in obscurity. Faithfulness in his mission must at all risks be manifested. The truth of God must be proclaimed, "whether they would hear or whether they would forbear."

Under this strong conviction of duty, he resumed his public preaching at Brescia, and there, "with thoughts that speak and words that burn," he poured forth the pent-up feelings of his soul in declaiming against the sins of the modern Babylon.

Lorenzo de Medici, the greatest of that illustrious family, heard of the new orator, and invited him to Florence, where he ultimately became Prior of San Marco. Henceforth to that gay and pleasure-seeking city belongs the fame of enrolling his name among her adopted sons, and the eternal infamy of devoting him as a holocaust to the intolerant spirit of the age. With the intrepidity of an Elijah, he stood forth alone to rebuke the idolatry of a people

who lived solely for the present. "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand," were words he might well have adcpted. Like John the Baptist, he rebuked with undaunted fearlessness evil which wore the mask of sanctity, and sin in high quarters. What marvel then that the same results followed, and that the civil and ecclesiastical powers were alike offended?

Yet for the deluded and misguided people he had a heart full of tenderness, and with earnest pleading for and with them he strove to recall them to a better mind. In the plaintive strain of Jeremiah, he could say,—

"Oh, that mine eyes were fountains
Of flowing tears,
That I might weep through the sunless hours
Of my bitter years,
For my land hath filled her cup of sin,
And the judgment hears!"

* * * * *

"Yet there are softer hours
When his voice sinks low,
And they see, as it were, an angel face,
So sweet the glow
With which he prays them all to come
To the arms of Christ, who is their home,
And loveth so."

He took his weapons from the Bible. "Florentines, go read," he exclaimed, "when the Hebrews did right and loved God, they always prospered; when they committed iniquity, Thou preparedst a scourge for them." Then he pours forth his soul in prayer:—

"O Lord, seest Thou not how bad men mock, how they scorn us, how they suffer not that any should help Thy servants? . . . I ask not that Thou shouldst hear us for our merits, but for Thy mercy, for the love of Thy Son. Have compassion upon Thy sheep. Dost Thou see them all here,—all afflicted, all persecuted? Dost not Thou love them, O my God? Didst not Thou become incarnate for them? Wast Thou not crucified for them? Oh, if I cannot prevail, if this work be too great for me, take me away, O Lord, release me from life. I am guilty, O Lord, yet have respect not to my sins, but to Thine own loving-kindness, and let us all feel Thy compassion."

Add to these outpourings of soul the impassioned utterance of an Italian, and the hearts must have been of stone which could have listened to him unmoved.

In his view of justification by faith he was not excelled even by Luther.

"For every justified person existing on the earth," he says, "there has been an act of compassion in heaven. None can glory in themselves, and if, in the presence of God, the question were put to all the righteous, 'Have you been saved by your own strength?' they would all with one voice exclaim, 'Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name be the glory!' Wherefore, O God, I seek Thy mercy, and I bring Thee not my own righteousnesses; grace is the righteousness of God. O God, save me by Thy righteousness, that is, by Thy Son, who alone was found righteous among men."

The frivolity of the times and the thoughtless and even profligate lives of the men of power, both secular and religious, stirred the soul of the intrepid preacher to its depths. The strife which afterwards ensued between the gay and worldly Lorenzo and the outspoken "prophet" who so courageously rebuked him reminds us of Herod, who, king as he was, feared his dauntless reprover. The same mixture of awe and of a strange fascination in his presence acted as a spell over the mind of him who was called the "Magnificent," and on his death-bed Lorenzo sent for Savonarola. Even at such a time the apostle of truth disdained to say, "Peace, peace," when there was no peace, and when the

half-relenting ruler declined to restore to Florence the liberty of which he had deprived her, the bold advocate for freedom left him, sadly yet conscientiously refusing to give him the requested absolution.

After the death of his patron, the power of Savonarola reached its height, and he concentrated all his energies in endeavouring to make the government of his adopted city a theocracy.

"Thou knowest, thou knowest, O Florence," he pleads, "that I would have thee a spiritual state—a truly Christian state. I have always shown thee clearly that a kingdom is always strong in proportion as it is spiritual, and can only become more spiritual by being more closely related to God."

His aspirations were high,—higher than his fellow citizens could attain to,—nevertheless, by his earnest endeavours, order took in great measure the place of anarchy, and the government became "apparently settled on a reasonable and a Christian foundation."

But enemies soon appeared upon the scene: the Pope, stirred up by the Medici, attacked him, and the people, over whom his soul had yearned so deeply, resisted his faithful monitions and rejected his warnings with undisguised displeasure.

Long ago, with the far-seeing vision of a prophet, Savonarola had foretold the issue in words like these:

"Do you ask me what will be the end of this conflict? I answer, Victory. But if you ask me in particular through what means, I answer, as regards myself, Through death. This is our faith, this is our guerdon, this is our reward. All those who have prophesied have suffered and been slain. To make my word prevail there is needed the blood of many. But then, brethren, remember death is not extinction: it is rather resurrection. It rather serves to spread abroad the light. And this light is already spread further than you believe. It is already in many hearts—so many, that if you knew how many, not only in this place, but in many places, you would be astonished and change your lives. Write to Rome that this light is in very many places more than they know of. And that they cannot put it out—that if they quench it in one place, then it will break out in another, stronger and higher; that this light will be kindled soon in Rome itself, and in all Italy." Thus, in the midst of the surrounding darkness, did the great seer discern a rent in the clouds, heralding the glory of the coming day.

But the revelation was unwelcome to his hearers, who looked on him as the troubler of Italy. "It is not I who have troubled Italy," was his dauntless reply (affording evidence of his study of the old

Hebrew prophets): "it is you who have forgotten your God—who, instead of practising justice, have oppressed the poor, being full of arrogance, fraud, envy, hate, and all turpitude; all which things you do so publicly that heaven and earth cry out for vengeance. I have only announced what I announce again, that punishment shall shake the land and will not delay."

"The mere sound of his voice," says Pico della Mirandolo, "startling the stillness of the Duomo, thronged through all its space with people, was like a clap of doom;" a cold shiver, he tells us, ran through the marrow of his bones, the hairs of his head stood on end as he listened.

> . . "A voice of doom, a brow of gloom
> This herald hath.
>
> "To him the smiles of earth
> Are little worth,
> His eyes have seen the lifted sword
> Gleam wild in the north,
> And he speaks as one to whom is given
> To know the wrath of outraged Heaven,
> And to pour it forth."

The Pope's commissioner tried to silence the bold reprover as men try to quiet a watch-dog with a bone! He offered him from his master a cardinal's

hat! "Come to my sermon to-morrow," said Savonarola, "and I will give you my answer."

Again he poured forth his fearless denunciations on the vices carried on under high professions, and the foiled ambassador had his final reply in the words: "Every other covering for my head will I refuse unto death, except it may be one which shall be dyed red with my blood." After this the die was cast. There could be no peace between such a man as Roderigo Borgia, the profligate wearer of the tiara, and the intrepid advocate of the truth. Yet, in the near prospect of the impending crisis, Savonarola manifested wonderful self-control, or rather it was manifest that his natural vehemence was brought into subjection to the power of the Spirit of God. "Remain quiet," he writes to his followers, "be prudent, be pure, and be doing good; continue instant in prayer, defend the truth without hatred or bitterness, while you expose the folly of the godless, for he who persecutes is ignoble, and happy he who suffers persecution."

The man who does not fear death has nothing else to fear. Regardless of personal consequences, and seeing the necessity of united action to stem the torrent of iniquity prevailing in the Church, Savonarola wrote letters to the kings of France, Spain,

Hungary, and England, and to the Emperor of Germany, entreating them to call a general council. The Pope was indignant. From that hour the doom of his victim was sealed.

On the 12th of May, 1497, he was excommunicated, but little heeding this, he did not hesitate, the last time he entered his pulpit, to declare publicly that "the power of the Pope had become in the hands of its present possessor a power not of God, but of Satan, and that it is a power he must resist to the last." "Let the Lord only act," he continues: "He has been the Teacher of all prophets and holy men. This is the master who handles the hammer, and when it has accomplished the work, lays it aside. So He did to Jeremiah, whom he permitted to be stoned at the end of his preaching, and so will He do with this hammer when He has used it after His own way. Well, let us be content. The Lord do what pleases Him."

Exasperated by his boldness, it was determined to examine him by torture. It seems hard to conceive that even in that age of relentless persecution any could be found who believed that they were "doing God service" by subjecting to excruciating agony a helpless victim, and endeavouring to extort from him, in his almost lifeless condition, words of recantation.

The inhuman attempt failed so far as his will was master of his expressions. If, "from lips to which the cold sweat hung, in the torture room," any doubtful equivocation or incoherent expression found utterance, upon whom fell the blame in the sight of God? It is said that "on the subject of doctrine and politics he never recanted at all, even under the severest torture."

During his succeeding imprisonment, the 31st and 51st Psalms, which he had previously passed over in his public ministry, in order to reserve them for his own special contemplation in the impending days of trial, were a feast to his soul, and his comments on them, republished by Luther, are full of humility and self-surrender.

The end, so long expected, came at last. He was pronounced by the Papal Commissioner to be a heretic, a perverter of the people, a disturber of the Church, and not worthy to live. Whilst the ceremony of stripping him of his sacerdotal dress was going on, we are told that he "stood gloomy and abstracted," but when the bishop pronounced the words, "I separate thee from the Church militant and triumphant," a sudden hope lighted his face, and he answered aloud, "*Militant*, not *triumphant;* that is not of thine!"

"A glorious gleam of Heaven
Lighted his eye,
'Ye may blot my name from the Church on earth,
But the Church of the sky,
Christ's radiant bride, is opening wide
The gates of victory.'"[1]

We are reminded of the burning of Faithful at Vanity Fair as we see in imagination the funeral pyre prepared for the greatest man in Florence.

There was, however, a show of Italian courtesy in asking the martyr if he had any last words. "No, nothing but this," was his calm reply: "pray for me, and tell my friends that they take no offence at my death, but continue in my doctrine and in peace." Thus, with his latest breath, pronouncing the Apostles' Creed, and calmly saying, "The Lord hath suffered as much for me," his brave, noble soul ascended to heaven.

"Said the voice that had followed me all the day long,
'Duty is joy, true joy is duty;
Let not thy soul be tempest-tossed,
But [manfully] do the work assigned it;
He that seeketh himself is lost,
He that loseth his life shall find it.'"

[1] This and the foregoing quotations in verse are taken from "Savonarola," by the writer of "Ezekiel and other poems."

LUTHER.

"The just shall live by faith."—*Rom.* i. 17, and *Gal.* iii. 11.

It would seem almost too palpable an omission in tracing the TURNING-POINTS in the lives of the great men to pass over entirely unnoticed the crises which determined the career of one of the greatest; and yet the incidents in the life of Martin Luther are so familiar to most of us that a very short notice must suffice. *Two* turning-points there were indeed in his history of almost equal importance: the first was that in which he suddenly awoke from the sleep of spiritual death; the second was the emancipation of his troubled soul from the hard bondage of the law into the liberty wherewith Christ makes his children free.

To these definitely marked eras we will turn our attention for a few moments, without entering into the history of those glorious results which are now the property of Christendom. The first occurred when the son of the poor wood-cutter of Mansfeld, who during his school days at Eisenach had been

dependent on the hospitality which had been won for him by his sweet voice, was at length fairly on the high road to literary fame and honour.

He had distinguished himself at Erfurth, then the principal university in Germany, and excessive study had brought on a serious illness. He returned to his home for a brief interval, but the congratulations he received no longer elated him. Young as he was, only about twenty, he had felt the realities of the eternal world, and "vanity of vanities" was stamped on all things here.

With his mind thus pre-occupied, he set out with a friend on his return journey to Erfurth. On his way a severe thunder-storm came on, and his friend was struck dead at his feet. This was the climax.

"If at any moment," thought he, "we may pass from the present world of toiling and struggling in the pursuit of earthly honour, what would it avail even if its highest pinnacle were reached?" This question pressed heavily on his mind, and he formed the resolution of becoming an Augustinian monk.

Now, in looking back upon the steps of Luther's life, we see that this university training, though so suddenly abandoned as a useless thing, had an important place in the rôle which God designed him to fill.

No less important was his stay at the monastery, for there alone could he have learnt the hollowness of the pretensions of such a cure for a sin-sick soul.

How his inmost spirit ached at the discovery! Now that his highest resource had failed, whither should he betake himself? Was there no balm in Gilead, was there no Physician there? Another illness followed this desperation of mind, and then the dawn broke.

This second turning-point in his career came through the help of another.

Staupitz, the provincial of his order, was struck with sympathy, as he saw through the emaciated form of the young "brother Augustine" the deep conflict which had prostrated his body; and, inspired by Heaven, he repeated to him in forcible accents the familiar words of the creed, "*I believe in the remission of sins.*" Henceforth Luther is a liberated man, and goes forth strong in the power of a new life, to proclaim deliverance to others. True, he learnt his lesson gradually; he had to go to Rome before his emancipation could be complete; he must climb up Pilate's stairs on his knees before he could hear the "voice of thunder" proclaiming in his heart, "The just shall live by faith." But one by one the fetters were broken off. The burning of the Pope's

bull of excommunication, the noble confession for God's truth at the Diet of Worms, when single-handed and alone he confronted the Emperor of Germany and two hundred of his princes and nobles,—the translation of the Bible during his forced retreat at the Wartburg—these were the results of the reception of the grand doctrine of the Reformation, justification by faith. We need not delay longer over a biography which is almost as familiar as that of his great predecessor Paul, whom in many respects he resembled, the object in view being simply to show how much the world owes, humanly speaking, to casual incidents which proved to be turning-points in the characters of those who swell the catalogue of its great men, and who were destined to leave an ineffaceable impress on "the sands of time."

"There is no small or great—
(Thanks to the guidance of *one* perfect Will),
No blind decree of fate—
All things our Father's purposes fulfil.

Wrapt in one human life
Lie powers, designed by touch of quickening grace,
Through toil and pain and strife,
To rise triumphant, and to bless the race."

FRANCIS XAVIER.

"I am crucified with Christ. Nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but Christ now liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—*Gal.* ii. 20.

IN the noble catalogue of those who in spirit resembled the Apostle Paul, though, as we believe, of a mistaken creed, and, when compared with Luther, walking to the end of his days in a twilight gloom, we may be fairly allowed to assign a place to Francis Xavier.

In faithfulness to the light he possessed, in indomitable courage, in ardent zeal, in thorough self-surrender and martyr-spirit, he surpasses many who are responsible for the privileges of a purer faith and a far brighter day.

The TURNING-POINT in his life was sharply defined, and he became by it turned indeed into another man. Born in the castle of Xavier, in Navarre, cradled in luxury, endowed with a liberal education obtained at the University of Paris, taking his degree of Master of Arts at twenty, in 1526 (at the same age, and

about twenty years later than the date of Luther's distinctions at Erfurth), gay and attractive, full of life and spirit, the young man seemed destined to become a favourite in fashionable circles, and also to take a prominent place with the literati of the day.

But there came to the same college where Xavier was appointed to teach philosophy a man far older than himself—lame, deformed, uncouth in manners and person, the very opposite to all that he naturally admired; and yet this very contrariety seemed by its mysterious fascination to attract rather than repel him. Xavier tried to laugh at the stranger's seriousness, and to urge upon him some scheme of amusement; but he was answered by an earnest tone, which penetrated the depths of his being, "'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'" Again and again the same scene recurred, again and again the solemn question was reiterated, "'*What shall it profit?*'"

Xavier was under the spell of Ignatius Loyola; would that a disciple so faithful had had a better instructed leader!

But the change has come: the pleasure-seeking man, the famous student, now sought for pleasure and learning of a different kind. His pleasure was

henceforth to be in self-abandonment, his learning to consist in every kind of toil and labour by which he could alleviate sorrow and suffering, and win souls for his Master. He first willingly submitted to a long training in hovels and hospitals, that he might be able to minister to the sick; and then, tearing himself from all he loved most on earth, he sailed to Goa in India, determined by the help of God to rouse his countrymen there to a better life. His intense earnestness could not be without result, and although he incurred the dislike of those who preferred to be let alone, the children and the poor loved him, and gradually the influence of his kindly life, rich in deeds of mercy, so won the hearts of those to whom he preached, and amongst whom he had chosen to live, that Goa became an altered place. Then he went 600 miles away, to the poor benighted creatures who were engaged in the pearl fishery, ignorant, yet desiring instruction. He lived as they did, on rice and water, taught them simple arts by which their hard life might be improved, and became their true friend. He afterwards spoke to them of God and of Christ, taught them to read a little, and to build small places of worship, and having ministered to their wants, bodily and spiritual, for fifteen months, he returned to Goa for more help.

Of his incessant labours on behalf of suffering humanity it is difficult to convey an adequate impression; his life was like a continual fire: "spending and being spent" was the key-note to his existence. At a time when travelling was no light thing he visited Malacca, Japan, and Ceylon, walking barefoot from place to place in Japan, with all that belonged to him on his back. To him the words of the great apostle might well apply: "In much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, . . . in tumults, in watchings, in fastings, . . . by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, . . . by honour and dishonour, by evil report, by good report; . . . as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." That he had, notwithstanding the errors of his creed—errors, after all, for which he was more to be pitied than blamed—a truly apostolic spirit we gather from his noble reply to some of his friends who endeavoured to dissuade him from visiting the cannibal islands of Del Moro. "You tell me they will certainly kill me: well, I trust if they do, it will be gain for me to die. But whatever torments or death they may prepare for

me I am ready to suffer a thousand times as much for the salvation of one soul. I remember the words of Jesus Christ: 'Whosoever shall lose his life for My sake, shall find it.' I believe them, and am content on these terms to hazard my life for the name of the Lord Jesus. . . . I leave it to Him who has put it into my heart to preach His Gospel to preserve me from them or not, as He will: the only thing I fear is, not to dare enough for Him who has endured so much for me."

He was told that to preach the Gospel to cannibals was hopeless. "Whatever they are," was his reply, "are they not God's creatures? Did not Christ die for them? Who, then, shall dare to limit the power of our God, who is almighty, or of the love of our Redeemer, who is all-merciful? Are there in the world, think you, any hearts hard enough to resist God's Spirit, if it shall please Him to soften and to change them? Can they successfully oppose that gentle yet commanding influence which can make even dry bones live? Shall He, who has provided for subjecting the whole world to His Cross, exempt this corner of the earth, that it shall receive no benefit from His atonement? Verily, no: and if these islands abounded in spices and gold, Christians would have courage enough to go thither: no danger would deter them then. They are now cowardly be-

cause there are only souls to gain. Oh, while I can do anything to prove the contrary, it never shall be said that charity is less daring than avarice, or that the love of Christ is not as constraining as the love of gold." To carry the Cross into China, at that time an unheard-of thing, now became Xavier's burning desire. Again and again his earnest attempts to get there failed; at last, after wearisome disappointments, he engaged a ship with a small crew, at exorbitant expense, to land him at a desolate part of the Chinese coast, and leave him there! This plan was also thwarted, and before he could accomplish his desired purpose an attack of fever prostrated him. At first he went to the hospital ship, intending to die, as he had lived, amongst the poorest; but yearning after more uninterrupted communion with God in his last moments, he entreated to be placed on shore. A sailor, with a sailor's heart, made him a tent; and there, exposed to the howling winds of December, he lay, almost uncared for and untended, forsaken even by those to whom he had so devotedly ministered. Of him the lines written in memory of Henry Martyn, whose field of labour in after days was in the same Indian clime, might well be applied:—

"No friend stood beside thee to soothe thy last moments,
To soften thy pangs or to close thy dim eye,

No hand in that hour cared to smoothe thy sick pillow:
Thy couch was the earth, and thy curtain the sky."

What could be grander, amidst the utter desolation of all his outward surroundings, than his last words: "In te, Domine, speravi; non confundar in æternum"? (In Thee, O Lord, I have trusted; I shall never be confounded.)

Roman Catholic though he was, he was a member of a higher Church, the Church universal. The man was better than his creed. Fired with the love of Christ, he counted all things else but dross, and in spite of an erroneous faith, he manifested so much of the spirit of his Master that we may well believe, in the kingdom of heaven, his place will be near that Master's side, and that the glad "Well done!" will salute his ear. From the day of the great turning-point in his life till his latest breath, the noble words of Paul were the true expressions of Xavier's course: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

"More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour:
More blest than anything, my bosom lies
Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me,
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee?"

CHAPTER IV.

BUNYAN.

MARTIN BOOS.

CHAPTER IV.

BUNYAN.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution? . . . In all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us."—*Rom.* viii. 35, 37.

It may almost be said that wherever the blessed sound of the Gospel has penetrated there, in the wake of the Holy Scriptures, has followed the immortal "dream" of the son of the Elstow tinker. Surely the TURNING-POINT in the life of the "dreamer" can be of no mean significance!

The journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City was familiar ground to him; the Slough of Despond, the Valley of Humiliation, the fight with Apollyon, the Castle of Giant Despair, had all been encountered;—the prospect from the Delectable Mountains had gladdened his soul, his ear had caught the sweet songs of the land of Beulah, and only the passage across the river remained still an ideal scene. His portraits are breathing with life, being often reproductions of himself at different stages of his experience, or speaking likenesses of

those with whom he had come in contact. As we sketch the outlines of his history in a few brief touches, we shall see whence he derived the materials for his "Pilgrim's Progress," which is, as we have said, to a large extent, an autobiography.

Born in 1628, of very poor parents, Bunyan's education was extremely meagre, and he appears to have been allowed to run wild without restraint, for he says of himself: "I had but few equals, both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God." Yet even in these early days the Holy Spirit seems to have convicted him of sin, and he lived under a fearful apprehension of its consequences. Like others who appear to have been designed for great achievements, he had several remarkable escapes from imminent peril, but they left little impression. With utter improvidence as to means, he married a wife as poor as himself, the pair having "not so much as a dish or spoon" betwixt them, but his "better half" was the child of parents accounted godly, and brought to him, as her dowry, two good books, which her father had left her when he died.

These books so far influenced him as to make him endeavour to lead an outwardly religious life, by which he hoped to escape the final doom of the

wicked, whilst still insensible to the sinfulness of sin. But he found that "Mr. Legality" was a miserable comforter, and ever and anon his old fears returned with added strength. He tried to banish all serious thought in sports and gaming;—a fruitless effort, for one day, when in the midst of a favourite amusement, he tells us, he was suddenly arrested by a voice, which "darted from heaven" into his soul, saying: "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?" "At this," he says, "I was put to an exceeding maze, wherefore leaving my cat (the play in which he was then engaged) on the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had with the eyes of my understanding seen the Lord Jesus look down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me." The temptation immediately presented itself that it was too late to seek for forgiveness, and admitting this thought, he plunged deeper and deeper into what he then considered the pleasures of sin, determining to enjoy them as long as he could, since he had lost all hope of eternal blessedness. However, not very long after this, he once more set about the impossible task of seeking to please God by leaving his "prodigious profaneness," and leading a sober and apparently good life, although, as he says, "I knew not Christ, nor grace,

nor faith, and if I had died then, my state had been most fearful." From his self-righteousness, in which he gloried, he was roused in a most unexpected way. In his admirably drawn character of Talkative Bunyan doubtless depicts his own state at this time, for it seems he took a delight in showing his ability in conversing on matters of religion. We give this important era in his life, somewhat abbreviated, in his own words. "Upon a day the good providence of God called me to Bedford to work at my calling, and I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door, in the sun, talking about the things of God, and I drew near to hear what they said, for I was now a brisk talker in matters of religion, but they were far above my reach. Their talk was about a new birth, the work of God in their hearts, as also how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature. They talked how God had visited their souls with His love in the Lord Jesus, and with what words and promises they had been refreshed, comforted, and supported against the temptations of the devil, and told each other how they were borne up under his assaults. They also did contemn, slight, and abhor their own righteousness, as filthy, and insufficient to do them any good. At this my own heart began to shake, for I saw that

in all my thoughts about religion and salvation the new birth did never enter in my mind; neither knew I the comfort of the word and promise, nor the deceitfulness and treachery of my own wicked heart; neither did I understand what Satan's temptations were, nor how they were to be withstood and resisted." Simple as seemed the occurrence of overhearing the talk of these cottagers, the effect was similar to that of a spark falling on tinder, and though he had many sharp provings afterwards, it might be truly called the turning-point in his experience. His mind continually reverted to it, and in the manner in which he relates his thoughts we see the incipient Dreamer. "The state of happiness," he says, "of these poor people at Bedford was thus, in a kind of vision, presented to me. I saw, as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark clouds. Methought, also, between me and them I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain. Now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass, concluding that if I could I would there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun. . . . At last I saw as it were a narrow gap, like a little doorway in the wall, through

which I attempted to pass. Now, the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many offers to get in, but all in vain. At last, with great striving, methought I at first did get in my head, and after that my shoulders and my whole body. Then I was exceedingly glad, and went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun."

Very aptly does this little "vision," as Bunyan calls it, prefigure the tossings of his soul, and the varied and continued temptations, the doubts and fears and struggles, which came as a thick barrier between himself and the cheering beams of the Sun of Righteousness, which were afterwards to shine so brightly upon him.

"Oh," he says, "how I now loved those words that spake of a Christian's calling! as when the Lord said to one, 'Follow Me,' and to another, 'Come after Me'; and oh, thought I, that He would say so to me too. How gladly would I run after Him!

"I cannot now express with what longings and breathings in my soul I cried to Christ to call me. Thus I continued for a time, all on a flame to be converted to Jesus Christ; and did also see at that day such glory in a converted state that I could not be contented without a share therein.

"Gold! could it have been gotten for gold, what would I have given for it? Had I had a whole world it had all gone ten thousand times over for this, that my soul might have been in a converted state. How lovely now was every one in my eyes that I thought to be converted men and women! They shone, they walked like a people that carried the broad seal of Heaven about them."

Doubtless, although he did not himself perceive it, he was at this time "not far from the kingdom of God." His self-righteousness had all vanished, and the heavy burden of his sins seemed as if it would sink him in the Slough of Despond even whilst his face was turned to the Celestial City. He was now desperately in earnest about the salvation of his soul, and afraid of losing his trouble of mind in any other way than "by the blood of Christ"; "for that Scripture," he says, "did lay much upon me: 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission.'" But when he was on the verge of despair a sermon which he heard from the Song of Solomon gave him fresh hope. His own words will best describe the change. "I began to give place to the words which with power did over and over make this joyful sound within my soul: 'Thou art My love, and nothing shall separate thee from My love.' And with that my heart was

filled full of comfort and hope, and now I could believe that my sins would be forgiven me; yea, I was now so taken with the love and mercy of God that I remember I could not tell how to contain till I got home. I thought I could have spoken of His love and have told of His mercy to me even to the very crows that sat upon the ploughed lands before me, had they been capable to have understood me."

Yet even after this gracious assurance of Divine mercy he was assailed again and again by the sharp arrows of the tempter. The "Valley of the Shadow of Death," through which he afterwards describes poor Christian as passing, was at this time a doleful reality to him. For many weary months it seemed to him as if a voice was continually saying: "Sell Christ for this," or "Sell Christ for that; sell Him, sell Him." Shuddering at the very idea that he should part with his hope in Christ for anything in the world, he would vehemently reply: "I will not, I will not, I will not: no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands of worlds!"

The evil thoughts which were suggested to him, doubtless at a time when both body and soul were unstrung, he imagined to be the outcome of his own sinful heart, and he was on the verge of despair. His condition at this time is vividly portrayed in his

Allegory. "I took notice that now poor Christian was so confounded that he did not know his own voice; and thus I perceived it. Just when he was come over against the mouth of the burning pit one of the wicked ones got behind him, and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him, which he verily thought proceeded from his own mind. This put Christian more to it than anything he had met with before, even to think that he should now blaspheme Him that he had so much loved before. Yet, if he could have helped it, he would not have done it; but he had not the discretion either to stop his ears, or to know from whence those blasphemies came."

Poor Bunyan was delivered at last from his grievous distress by the sudden application of the glorious assurance which "rushed in upon" his soul: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

Still, even after this blessed experience, he was again and again a sojourner in the gloomy dungeon of Doubting Castle, though happily the key of promise unlocked its massive gates one after another, till, finally, the captive was liberated, and the giant vanquished. "Now," he says, "did my chains fall from my legs indeed; I was loosed from my afflictions and irons. Ah, methought, Christ! Christ!

There was nothing but Christ that was before my eyes! Now, Christ was all—all my wisdom, all my rignteousness, all my sanctification, and all my redemption!"

Bunyan panted to proclaim to others the glad tidings of the Gospel, and with a "tongue of fire" he spoke to enchained multitudes of the reality of things unseen. And now arose a storm of opposition. It was given to the zealous young evangelist not only "to believe in Christ," but also "to suffer for His sake." Charges, utterly false, were brought against him; and though his adversaries were powerless in proving their accusations, the arbitrary laws of the land against Nonconformists came to their aid, and the heroic preacher, whose only aim and reward was to win souls for his Redeemer's crown, was incarcerated for about twelve years altogether in Bedford jail, the "den" where he "dreamed a dream," far more real and true than the waking thoughts of most men. The touching picture of his learning to make tagged laces in prison, that he might contribute to the support of his noble wife, on whom the four children of his first marriage were now dependent, is too familiar to need description here. The little blind daughter, the apple of her father's eye, his joy and solace during his confinement, preceded him

to those realms of light, the radiance of which had illumined the darkness of his prison walls. He was restored to liberty a few years before his death, and preached so diligently, both under roofs and in the open air, that the playful epithet of "Bishop Bunyan" was not undeservedly bestowed upon him. He visited London every year to see his friends, and his reputation was so great that if a day's notice were given the meeting-house at Southwark would not hold half the people. It is said that 3,000 gathered to hear him in a remote part of the town, and that on a weekday, at seven o'clock on a dark winter's morning, 1,200 would assemble to listen to his earnest exhortations. In the year 1688, when returning on horseback from one of these ministerial engagements, he was overtaken with heavy rain and took cold. A violent fever followed, and after an illness of ten days, the glad summons from the King's Court was sent him, "the contents whereof were" (we quote from his own words respecting Mr. Standfast in the second part of "Pilgrim's Progress") "that he must prepare for a change of life, for his Master was not willing that he should be so far from Him any longer."

No words but his own, put into Standfast's mouth, can so fittingly describe his feelings and anticipations at the end of the pilgrim-way. "The thought of what

I am going to, and of the conduct that wait for me the other side, doth lie as a coal at my heart. I see myself now at the end of my journey; my toilsome days are ended. I am going to see that Head which was crowned with thorns, and that Face which was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by faith, but now I go where I shall live by sight; and shall be with Him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have seen the print of His shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too. His Name has been to me . . . sweeter than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet; and His countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His word I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. He has held me; . . . yea, my steps hath He strengthened in His way."

Not less applicable to himself are the words in which he describes Standfast's end. "Now, while he was thus in discourse, his countenance changed, his strong man bowed under him, and after he had said, 'Take me, for I come unto Thee'' he ceased to be seen of them."

The following lines are taken from a poem, entitled "Hopeful's address to Christian on crossing the river."

"Brother, our toilsome pilgrimage is past,
The end, to crown the whole, appears at last;
Nought but the waves of this slow, rolling river
Remains between : then glorious rest for ever.

I see thee shrink and fearful glance around,
In vain—no shorter, easier path is found;
And He, whose arm was ever strong to save,
Hath gone before us o'er the rising wave.

I hear the trumpets sounding high and higher,
I see the chariots with their wheels of fire
Await our coming, and the seraph band
Prepare our welcome to the better land.
They call with voices and with looks of love,
They point to fair Jerusalem above;
I see its walls with gold and pearl around,
I see its gates with dazzling glory crowned,
Though sun nor moon to light them lends a ray
But God Himself pours everlasting day.

Brother, look up; a few short footsteps more
Shall land us safely on that further shore,
Where our glad hearts an endless hymn shall raise,
And perils past but swell the song of praise."

MARTIN BOOS.

"What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit."—*Rom.* viii. 3, 4.

THIS TURNING-POINT from the failure of the Law to the full satisfaction of the Gospel has marked the beginning of a new life in the experience of many beside the Apostle Paul. Take the following instance as an illustration.

About the middle of the 18th century, on a cold Christmas night, was born to a farmer in Germany his thirteenth child, the subject of this sketch. Not his last, however, for two or three more followed, before the family "quiver" was "full." When only four years old little Martin was left an orphan, both his parents dying of a prevalent disease within a fortnight of each other. His eldest sister, who seems to have acted in the place of a mater-familias, doubtless felt the burden resting upon her, and bethought herself of an uncle living in Augsburg, upon whom the

ties of consanguinity gave her a claim. She started out, accordingly, one morning to find him, with the child on her shoulder, but growing tired of her burden, she threw him down in a cornfield, where he cried himself to sleep, and proceeded alone on her errand, beseeching their uncle to adopt the hapless boy. When rested, she returned to fetch him, and, with extreme reluctance on the part of the child, left him to his new surroundings. He was sent to school when eight years old, and kept there several years. At last his uncle thought it was time he should earn his own bread, and when Martin applied for his school-money, he said to him, "There—take it; you must now leave school and learn a trade. What do you wish to be?" "I would gladly be a clergyman," was the ready answer. "A clergyman, indeed!" exclaimed his uncle; "you have neither money nor ability to become one." The poor boy looked so crestfallen that his uncle determined to ascertain from the schoolmaster what progress he had made.

The reply was that out of three hundred scholars Martin was the best, and that it would be a shame not to let him continue his studies. On hearing this report, his uncle said to the young aspirant, "Well, your master speaks well of you. I will make a trial,

and send you to study; but unless you succeed as well as you have hitherto done, you must become a shoemaker." The lad, now put on his mettle, studied harder than ever, and prayed day and night that God would graciously assist him in attaining his object. His fervent prayer was granted; his unwearied efforts crowned with success; and he was finally sent to the University of Dillingen, where the handsome youth became a brilliant student, and carried off the first honours. Subsequently he took priest's orders, and was made canon at Grünenbach, settling down into the lot of a quiet Roman Catholic priest, with but little spiritual insight beyond the dogmas of his creed, yet yearning for that more satisfying experience of union with Christ, of which he had heard in the lectures of one of the professors. The endeavour to elevate the soul by bringing the body into subjection was tried, with the usual result of failure. "I gave myself," he says, "an immense deal of trouble to lead a truly pious life; for instance, I laid for years together, even in the winter season, upon the cold ground, though my bed stood near me. I scourged myself till the blood came; I clothed my body with a hair-shirt; I hungered, and gave my bread to the poor; I spent every leisure moment in the precincts of the church; I confessed and com-

municated almost every week." In the eyes of the people he passed for a saint, but the saint was miserable and cried out, "Oh! wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" The answer to this question became the turning-point in his life. "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty," and by means as comparatively insignificant as David's stone and sling the victory which no weapons of his own could gain was to be won for him through another. We give the simple narrative in his own words. "In the year 1778 or 1779, on visiting a very humble and pious soul on her sick-bed, I said to her, 'You may certainly die very peacefully and happily.' 'Why so?' inquired she. 'Because you have lived so piously and holily,' replied I. The sick woman looked gravely at me, and said in a tone of astonishment, 'What a miserable comforter you are! What would have become of me? How should I have been able to stand before the judgment-seat of God, where we must give an account of every idle word? I should certainly be lost, if I built happiness and heaven on myself, and by my own merits and piety. Who is clean amongst the unclean? No; if Christ had not died for me, if He had not atoned for me and paid my ransom, I should, with all my good works and

pious life, have eternally perished. He is my Light, my Salvation, and my Felicity. Trusting in Jesus, my Saviour, I can die comfortably.'"

Now the light of the Gospel fell in upon the soul of Boos; the dying woman had answered once and for ever his miserable cry. After this memorable transition he began in earnest to preach Christ. "Flames of fire," says his biographer, "darted from his lips, and the hearts of the people burned like straw. He declared their sins, and when they cried, 'What shall we do?' he gave them no answer; 'Repent?'—no answer; 'Good works?'—no answer; 'Confess?'—no answer; until the question was driven deep into their souls. And then they knew how vain was any answer but one—CHRIST."

From this time his preaching gave evidence of what he had himself learnt in the school of experience. "They are dearer to God," he said, "that seek something from Him than they that seek to bring something to Him."

Whenever we can truly say, "We speak that we do know," the hearts of hearers will be gained. Thus it was with the congregation in the little chapel where Boos preached. As in the days of Christ's ministry multitudes gathered to hear Him, so where Christ was proclaimed by His faithful servants the

good news of the Gospel spread, and crowds were attracted by its gracious message. The sinner found his Saviour, and to many who had long sought rest for their souls the oil of joy was given in exchange for mourning. A former friend of Boos, named Fenneberg, who had been, like himself, a professor at Dillingen, and was then a curate, wrote to him, out of the fulness of his heart, saying that he was like Zaccheus, waiting in the tree till Christ should pass by. "Then wait quietly in the tree," replied Boos. "Christ will soon enter thy house and thy heart."

Whenever the Spirit of the Lord is visibly at work, and there is a shaking amongst the dry bones, there Satan stirs up opposition, for he feels that his kingdom is threatened. With dead formalism, or with a round of stated observances under the name of religion, he has no controversy; but when any indications of spiritual *life* are manifested he stirs up his legions to the assault.

On New Year's Day, 1797, a hot persecution broke out against those who had proclaimed their new-found joy — the "Jesus-preachers," as they were called. They were driven from their parishes, and "the converts were mocked, stoned, imprisoned, and thrust out of their homes."

The fearful tribunal of the Inquisition stirred itself up to crush the heretics. Boos found refuge with his friend Fenneberg, but his vicarage was ransacked, and they were both taken into custody. During his imprisonment God made use of him for the conversion of the jailer. Fenneberg's answer to the question, "Do you know why you have been cited here?" sufficed for both. "Yes," he replied fearlessly; "Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour, has fulfilled to me, a poor sinner, and to more than a hundred others, His precious word that he spoke at the Last Supper—'He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him.'"

Persecution still followed Boos. Like the early Christians, it might have been said of him, he had "no certain dwelling-place"; for he fled from one spot to another like a hunted outlaw. "Destitute, afflicted, tormented,"—such has been, from age to age, the lot of those "of whom the world was not worthy."

The Emperor of Austria tried to defend him, but in vain; the common prejudice against a man in advance of his time was not to be withstood, and Vienna, whither he had gone, proved no resting-place for the sole of his foot.

Still his spirit was sustained by Divine consolation, as the following extract from a letter written after severe illness clearly indicates.

After alluding to his apparently approaching dissolution, he says: "But after the lapse of two hours I recovered, through Divine mercy, both in body and soul so far that I began to rejoice aloud, to exult and sing, to praise and thank God for all that I had preached and suffered in the east and the west, and was ready, with all joyfulness, to enter into eternity. I also prayed and wept for joy, day and night, and, in spite of all the world, should have expired in the same faith for which it had persecuted me, and to this moment I am lying in the same joy and blessedness. Hallelujah!"

In 1819 the living of Sayn, on the Rhine, was given him, and in this quiet spot, shut in with God and nature, he lived unmolested.

Though gifted with power of speech to captivate listening multitudes, he was banished, by the providence of God, to this Patmos, and the questioning mind might be tempted to ask, "Wherefore this waste of noble talent?"

The same question applies with equal or greater force to Paul, Luther, Bunyan, and others. The answer is plain with regard to all. Their life-work

was accomplished, but in a different way from that which they might have supposed would have tended the most to the furtherance of the Gospel.

Where would have been Paul's Epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians, and Colossians, if his detention as a prisoner at Rome had not gained for him time to write those pastoral letters which have proved so priceless a boon to all subsequent ages? In like manner the greatest work, perhaps, that Luther accomplished was his translation of the Greek Testament into his own mother-tongue, during the weary months of his confinement at Wartburg. Again, was it not the most blessed consequence of Bunyan's preaching, though it by no means excuses the bigotry of his persecutors, that it led him to Bedford jail, and gave him leisure for that wondrous "dream," which, in Christian lands, is scarcely less familiar than the Bible itself? So with Boos. From his seclusion he kept in touch with the evangelical movement that was going on, and aided the cause by his "noble letters," which might probably never have been written had he remained in the turmoil of more active life. "Litera scripta manet;" and thus, from generation to generation, the souls of men are stirred. The endeavour to extinguish God's truth often proves the surest way of spreading it.

Yet it is not surprising that he should often have felt his life to be unprofitably spent. The apathy of the people distressed him, and he grieved at not beholding more fruits of his labours. "There is scarcely a spot on these hills," he says, "where I have not flung myself down and wept, and prayed that the Lord would give me again the grace to open my mouth with joy, and to preach His word to the awakening of the heart."

Nevertheless, he continued unremittingly to sow the seed of the kingdom, and who can doubt that the harvest, though unseen by the sower, will yet be found "unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ"? "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

In the latter part of 1826 his last illness, which was accompanied by intense suffering, commenced.

In a letter, written a little before the end, to his fellow-labourer Gossner, he says: "I found, even in dying, we ought to follow after holiness, in order to be meet for the country and company of the saints. Without holiness, without having robes 'washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb,' no one shall see the Lord—no one follow the Lamb in white raiment, with palms in his hands, whithersoever He goeth." Like many others of God's dear children

his bodily weakness seemed for a time to impair his clear view of his Saviour, but faith ultimately triumphed. "I live very solitarily," he wrote about this time, "but because and as long as I again possess God I have consolation enough in Him."

On the 29th of August, 1825, in the 64th year of his age, after pronouncing the words, "Lord Jesus, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," he expired gently and peacefully. The tempest-tossed life, which thus ended in a calm, is well depicted in the beautiful lines from the pen of Dean Alford.

"One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board,
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite—
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light,
He tempers all.

Safe to the land! safe to the land!
The end is this!
And then with Him go hand in hand,
Far into bliss."

CHAPTER V.

MARTYN.

JUDSON.

CHAPTER V.

MARTYN.

"Making it my aim so to preach the Gospel, not where Christ was already named, that I might not build upon another man's foundation."—*Rom.* xv. 20, R. V.

WE have mentioned in connection with Francis Xavier the beloved name of Henry Martyn.

No more emphatic testimony can be given to the attractive power of the love of Christ than that two men, differing so widely in external circumstances, and so opposite in their creed, should be equally inflamed with zeal to their common Lord and Master, and should volunteer to labour in the same country, counting not their lives dear unto them, so that they might win souls for His crown.

We are accustomed to think of Martyn as a pre-eminently holy man, endowed with an uncommon share of the gift of meekness and of self-abnegation, bearing willingly reproach and disdain in the forgiving spirit of Him who prayed for His enemies.

But before he could sit for this picture there had been a great TURNING-POINT in his course.

Dr. Barnardo delights in showing us photographs of boys when they enter and when they leave his excellent training schools, and the contrast, we must own, is marvellous. But not less marvellous was the change effected by Divine grace in the soul of Henry Martyn. Let us go back to the beginning and look at the earlier portraits.

Born in Truro, in 1781, the son of one who had originally been a mine-labourer, he rose by his own abilities to be senior wrangler at St. John's, Cambridge, when under twenty years of age. We see him at this time a talented youth, conscious of his own abilities and ambitious of rising above his fellow-students, yet possessing a peculiarly sensitive and irritable temperament, and prone to ebullitions of passion. In one of these sudden gusts of temper he very narrowly escaped fatally injuring a friend, at whom, in the heat of controversy, he had flung a knife. Providentially it glided past him, and "was left trembling in the wall."

Reviewing this period of his life afterwards, he says: "The consummate selfishness and exquisite irritability of my mind were displayed in rage, malice, and envy, in pride and vain-glory, and contempt of all; in the harshest language to my sister, and even to my father, if he happened to differ from my mind and will.

Oh what an example of patience and mildness was he!" If such a record had not been left us, who could have recognized in it the slightest trace of the saintly Martyn? In the midst of his ambitious college career his heavenly-minded father suddenly died.

"But while," says he, "I mourned the loss of an earthly parent the angels in heaven were rejoicing that I was so soon to find a heavenly one." From that time his face was turned away from earth and set Zionwards. Soon afterwards he writes: "Can there be any one subject, any one source of cheerfulness and joy, to be at all compared with the heavenly serenity and comfort a believer must find in holding communion with his God and Saviour in prayer—in addressing God as his Father, and, more than all, in the transporting hope of being preserved unto everlasting life, and of singing praises to his Redeemer when time shall be no more?" Penetrated with such feelings, and with an intense desire, like the Apostle Paul, "to preach Christ where He was not named," he offered himself in the capacity of a missionary to the "Society for Missions to Africa and the East," and he was ultimately appointed chaplain in the service of the East India Company. With a mind so finely strung as was his, with ardent

attachments to friends and country, especially to one friend, on whom his tenderest affections were concentrated, the thought of leaving his native land, perhaps for ever, was a sacrifice second only to death itself; but he left it in the spirit of one who had said: "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things." And again: "But when it pleased God to reveal His Son in me, that I might preach Him among the heathen, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood." Thus, just as he had completed his twenty-fourth year, he "quitted the place which had been the dear abode of his youth," where the road lay open before him to fame and emolument, and set out to spend the residue of his days among the heathen, "with a fixed resolution to live and die amongst them. When he left England, he left it wholly for Christ's sake, and he left it for ever." "In season," and, as it might seem to some, "out of season," the devoted missionary laboured to sow the seed of the kingdom. In spite of weariness and lassitude, he conversed with and preached to those on board the ship, though apparently with little success. "I entreated them even with tears," he

says, "out of fervent love for their souls, and I could have poured away my life to have persuaded them to return to God." When in India he never hesitated to spend and be spent for the Gospel; and following the precepts of his Divine Master, he returned kindness for injury, good for evil. Humility was one of his chief characteristics. He says that he "felt it good and suitable to walk through this world overwhelmed with contrition and love, receiving with grateful contentment every painful dispensation, because not worthy to enjoy the light of this world," praying that "God would glorify Himself by the gifts and graces of all His creatures, and make him take his place at the bottom of them all, unnoticed, unknown, and forgotten. What shall I think of myself in comparison with others?" he continues: "how ought I to kiss the very dust beneath their feet, from a consciousness of my inferiority? and in my thoughts of God and His dealings with me, how ought I to be wrapt up in constant astonishment?" His missionary spirit beams out everywhere. "I do not know that anything would be a heaven to me," he says, "but the service of Christ and the enjoyment of His presence. Oh, how sweet is life when spent in His service!" But discouragements, from the enervating nature of the climate, which seemed

to make work almost an impossibility, and the difficulty in reaching the minds of the people, often depressed him. Yet his soul was strengthened by the promises of God. "Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." "How easy for God to do it, and it shall be done in good time; *and even if I should never see a native converted, God may design by my patience and continuance in the work to encourage future missionaries.*" Here truly was the single eye to the glory of God, shown in the willingness to be anything or nothing, if men might by any means be saved.

It may not be inappropriate here to mention an incident related to the writer by a friend who visited Charles Simeon, whose ministry had been eminently blest in Martyn. A likeness of the devoted missionary was hanging in Simeon's breakfast-room. He led his visitor to a position in which it could be seen to most advantage, and said with emotion: "Look at it; does he not seem to say, 'Be earnest, *be earnest*'?"

The biographer of Carey, his predecessor in the mission field, speaks of Martyn as "perhaps the loftiest and most loving spirit of the men whom Carey drew to India." He continues: "William Carey and Henry Martyn were one in origin from the people; in industry, as scholars; in genius, as

God-devoted; in the love of a great heart, not always returned."

Martyn's exceedingly sensitive temperament made him keenly alive to joy and sorrow, and his alternations of feeling were frequent, yet his faith was firm on the Rock of Ages, and, though the surface might change, the soul, in its inner depths, was at peace.

The ruin of the picturesque pagoda where he resided for a time at Aldeen, Serampore, is still a shrine of touching interest to Christian travellers. The "little black doll of an idol" had been removed to a new temple, and "the place where once devils worshipped became a Christian oratory."

Here, too, he laid his plans for the evangelization of the people. When suffering from one of his moods of depression as to his own state, he thus writes of this place: "I began to pray as on the verge of eternity, and the Lord was pleased to break my hard heart. I lay in tears, interceding for the unfortunate natives of this country; thinking within myself that the most despicable soodra of India was of as much value in the sight of God as the king of Great Britain."

It was in this pagoda that Brown, Corrie, and Parsons met with him for the last time, to commend him to God before he set out for his new duties at

Dinapore. "My soul," he writes of this occasion, "never yet had such Divine enjoyment. I felt a desire to break from the body, and join the high praises of the Church above. May I go in the strength of this many days. Amen. I found my heaven begun on earth. No work so sweet as that of praying and living wholly to the service of God."[1]

It is far from our purpose to give a detailed account of the work which this young missionary accomplished in India during the seven years which he spent there; for he left his native land when he was in his twenty-fifth year, and he exchanged earth for heaven before he had completed his thirty-second.

The natural vehemence of his temper was so brought under the power of Divine grace that it might almost have been said of him as of Moses, when under provocation, that he was "very meek, above all men which were upon the face of the earth." Fervently as he laboured for the conversion of souls, yet, perhaps, the grandest result of his life will be found in his excellent translation of the New Testament into Persian. "His Persian Majesty," Fateh Ali Shah Rajah, thus speaks of it in a

[1] Taken from the "Life of Carey," by George Smith, LL.D.

letter written to Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart. (Translation): —

"It is our august command that the dignified, etc., etc., Baronet, his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary . . . should know that the copy of the Gospel, which was translated into Persian by the learned exertions of the late Rev. Henry Martyn, and which has been presented to us by your Excellency, . . . has reached us and has proved highly acceptable to our august mind. In truth, through his unremitting exertions, it has been translated in a style most befitting sacred books; this is, in an easy and simple diction. Formerly, the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, were known only in Persia, but now the whole of the New Testament is completed in a most excellent manner; and the circumstance has been an additional source of pleasure to our enlightened and august mind. . . . Please the most merciful God, we shall command the select servants, who are admitted to our presence, to read to us the above-mentioned book from the beginning to the end, that we may, in the most minute manner, hear and comprehend its contents."

The Shah further states that the new translation of the Gospels made by Martyn was more "clear

and luminous" than the former one, and that he had been "particularly delighted" with it. If Luther had accomplished nothing besides the translation of the Bible into German, and Martyn had lived solely to give the New Testament and the Psalms of David to Persia, would they not have left a name to be "had in everlasting remembrance"? Although Martyn's own converts were numerically few, the indirect influence of his work in India is incalculable. One of the natives, Abdool Meseeh, was brought to Christ through him at Cawnpore, and sixty Hindoos, including children, became, through the instrumentality of this one convert, members of a Christian Church. Thus does the single ear produce its handfuls! Snatched away in early manhood by a fever, whose fatal effects were doubtless produced by the cruelty of his driver, as he was returning to Europe to recruit his shattered health, his life's work, though so soon accomplished, was nevertheless well done; and his last recorded words, written in his journal, bear evidence of his intense longing for a land of purity and rest: "I thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God—in solitude my Company, my Friend, and Comforter. Oh, when shall time give place to eternity! When shall appear that new heaven and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness?" Ten

days afterwards, at Tocat, on the 16th of October, 1812, the joyful summons came.

The outward circumstances of his death were like those of Xavier, desolate in the extreme; yet the triumphant lines of Montgomery are applicable to this worn-out soldier of the Cross, as he lay expiring, amongst strangers in a foreign land:—

"'Spirit, leave thy house of clay;
Lingering dust, resign thy breath;
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death.'

Thus thy guardian angel spoke,
As he watched thy dying bed,
As the bonds of life he broke,
And the ransomed captive fled.

'Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of woe,
Welcome to a land of rest.'

Thus the choir of angels sang,
As they bore thy soul on high,
While with hallelujahs rang
All the region of the sky.

* * * *

Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
And the steeds that cleft the wind?
Saw ye not his soul aspire,
As his mantle dropt behind?

Ye who caught it as it fell,
  Bind that mantle round your breast,
So in you his meekness dwell,
  So on you his spirit rest!"

"Be ye followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

JUDSON.

"In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings, by pureness, by knowledge, by longsuffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned."—2 *Cor.* vi. 4, 5, 6.

WELL-KNOWN as is the name of Adoniram Judson in missionary annals, the TURNING-POINT in his life was of so remarkable a character, and the results were so important to the world, that some mention of this devoted man, who belonged to the brotherhood of Carey and Martyn, can hardly be omitted.

In his early childhood he gave many proofs of being in truth, as his father described him, "a very acute boy," although, when his proud parent, patting his head, added, "I expect you to be a great man," he little guessed what direction that greatness would take. He had made his mark amongst his schoolfellows when only ten years of age, solving problems and riddles, and even making ocular experiments with regard to the question of the sun's motion, which had puzzled his infantile mind.

His desire for knowledge seemed insatiable—

novels, plays, and deep books on theology were all promiscuously devoured, for be it remembered that at that day (it was at the end of the 18th century that the boy's youth was passed, for he was born in 1788) books were comparatively few, and that class of literature which abounds for the young now was almost wholly unknown. Classical studies had great charms for him, and he was nicknamed by his fellow-students, "Old Virgil dug up."

With extravagantly ambitious projects for himself in after-life, the would-be "orator, poet, or statesman" blended an ardent benevolence of character, and a winning sympathy; and these qualities were manifested in his affectionate tenderness to his sister, and his kindness to the animal world. When he was about fourteen he had a long and severe illness, and during the tedious period of recovery, his castles in the air took first one form and then another. But ever and anon the thought struck him, as it had done Luther before, that all these visions of fame and eminence were after all *only* airy castles, with no foundation. What if he attained them? Would they not crumble into dust beneath his feet? Might not he have to subscribe to the truth of Cowper's forcible description of the man who gains the acme of earthly desire?

"Pants for it, aims at it, reaches it, and dies!"

But conviction of the vanity of all things here is very different from conversion to God. At the age of sixteen, his vanity was flattered by receiving the highest appointment in college in the commencement exercises, and in this excited mental state he was peculiarly liable to be carried away by association with talented and fascinating minds, whose claim to superiority of intellect was based on that free-thinking which did not hesitate to throw overboard the simple truths of the Gospel. He formed an intimacy with a young man of this description, engaged in amusements of a questionable kind, and before deciding on his future course in life left home with the intention of making a tour through some of the northern states of his native land. Before setting out he had told his father of his infidel sentiments, and had been severely condemned by him.

His father's *arguments* he could repel, but his mother's tears and warnings, appealing to a nature, though proud, still tender and susceptible, made an impression which it was impossible to shake off. Even at this period of his life he would not on any account have seen a younger brother following the same track.

"I am in no danger," he thought to himself. "I am only seeing the world—the dark side of it, as well as the bright; and I have too much self-respect to do anything mean or vicious."

Happily for Judson, at this critical period he was brought, by the providence of God, into contact with a very pious young minister, whose solemn yet gentle earnestness deeply impressed him, and prepared the way for the great turning-point in his character, which was near at hand.

We quote from the words of his biographer, Dr. Wayland, the account of the solemn occurrence which led to this great event, so memorable in its influence over not only the Christian, but the heathen world. The night after the conversation with the minister just referred to Judson "stopped at a country inn. The landlord mentioned, as he lighted him to his room, that he had been obliged to place him next door to a young man who was exceedingly ill, probably in a dying state, but he hoped that it would occasion him no uneasiness. Judson assured him that, beyond pity for the poor sick man, he should have no feeling whatever, and that now, having heard of the circumstance, his pity would not, of course, be increased by the nearness of the object. But it was, nevertheless, a very restless

night. Sounds came from the sick chamber—sometimes the movements of the watchers, sometimes the groans of the sufferer; but it was not these which disturbed him. He thought of what the landlord had said—the stranger was probably in a dying state; and was he prepared? Alone, and in the dead of night, he felt a blush of shame steal over him at the question, for it proved the shallowness of his philosophy. What would the clear-minded intellectual, witty E —— (the talented, but deistical young man alluded to before) say to such weakness? But still his thoughts *would* revert to the sick man. Was he a Christian, calm and strong in the hope of a glorious immortality, or was he shuddering upon the brink of a dark, unknown future?

"Perhaps he was a 'free-thinker,' educated by Christian parents and prayed over by a Christian mother. The landlord had described him as a *young* man; and in imagination he was forced to place himself upon the dying bed, though he strove with all his might against it. As soon as he had risen he went in search of the landlord, and inquired for his fellow-lodger. 'He is dead,' was the reply. 'Dead!' 'Yes, he is gone, poor fellow!' 'Do you know who he was?' 'Oh, yes; it was a young man

from Providence College—a very fine fellow, his name was E——'

"Judson was completely stunned.

"After hours had passed, he knew not how, he attempted to pursue his journey. But one single thought occupied his mind; and the words, 'Dead!' 'Lost!' 'Lost!' were continually ringing in his ears. He knew the religion of the Bible to be true; he felt its truth, and he was in despair. In this state of mind he resolved to abandon his scheme of travelling, and at once turned his horse's head towards Plymouth."

From that hour his life, outwardly and inwardly, became changed. All his plans for the future were reversed. The dreams of literary distinction were renounced, and the one great question which he put to himself now was, "How shall I so order my future being, as best to please God?" The answer to that momentous question came in due time, through reading Buchanan's "Star in the East," which providentially fell in his way. His father, who had cherished ambitious projects for his son, was extremely gratified when the minister of the largest church in Boston proposed to take him as a colleague. Now the dreaded task of disappointing the hopes of his fond parents and sister must be gone through.

His heart seemed bursting, but steadily and calmly, yet most fervidly, he proceeded to describe the course which he had marked out for himself. "I shall never live in Boston," he said; "I have much farther than that to go."

His childish impressions were about to be realized.

"When about four years old," his sister tells us, "the little Adoniram used to collect the children of the neighbourhood about him, and mounting a chair, go through the exercises of the pulpit with singular earnestness, and greatly to the admiration of his auditors. The hymn he usually gave forth on these occasions was the one commencing, 'Go, preach My Gospel, saith the Lord.'"

On February 6th, 1812, he was ordained, in company with four others, as missionary to the heathen in Asia. The previous day he had married Ann Hasseltine, that heroic woman who proved herself worthy of such a husband by her patient endurance of suffering of mind and body, which it is harrowing to read of and to relate.

The martyr's fiery trial, terminated by a few hours of agony at the stake, would have been but little to undergo, in comparison with the torture of having her husband snatched from her for many months by the pitiless Burmans (after war had broken out with the

English), and treated with the utmost severity during a most cruel imprisonment. It is not the object of this sketch to go into the distressing details of the dreadful suffering of the missionaries, which began about eight months after their arrival in Ava, whither they went, in obedience to the summons of the king, in the autumn of 1822. For these particulars we must refer the reader to the account of those dark and dreary days given by Ann Judson, in a letter to her brother, after their liberation.

A short *résumé* of this period, the most affectingly interesting in the life of Dr. Judson, may, however, be admitted. Although the missionaries were not Englishmen, but Americans, they obtained no exemption on this account when war was declared. All foreigners were at once arrested and thrown into prison. Imprisonment amongst a semi-barbarous people implies more than simple confinement. It is confinement embittered by every device of malicious and brutal cruelty. All this was endured for twenty-one months by a student of refined habits, unaccustomed to physical hardship, whose constitution had been already enfeebled by a protracted attack of the fever of the country. It seems almost miraculous that he did not sink under these intense sufferings. And he would have sunk under them had not "an

angel ministered unto him." Then were revealed those elements of character which stamped Mrs. Judson as one of the most remarkable women of her age.

"She was the only white female in Ava. Her whole time, with the exception of twenty days, when she was confined to the house by the birth of her child, was devoted to the alleviation of the sorrows of her husband and his fellow-prisoners. Perfectly familiar with the Burman language [they had resided fourteen years in India], of a presence which commanded respect even from savage barbarians, and encircled with a moral atmosphere in which she walked unharmed in the midst of a hostile city with no earthly protector, she was universally spoken of as the guardian angel of that band of sufferers. . . . Rarely does it happen that the moral extremes of which our nature is susceptible are brought into so striking a contrast as in the present instance.

"On the one hand might have been seen the most degraded of mankind inflicting in sport the most horrid cruelties, month after month, upon their fellow men, some of whom had sacrificed every earthly comfort for the good of their tormentors; and on the other hand there was seen, in the midst of this horde of ruffians, a lady, whose intelligence and refinement

had quite lately won the admiration of the highest circles of the British metropolis, soothing the sorrows of the captive, ministering to the wants of the sick, providing and preparing food for the starving, consoling the dying with words of heavenly peace; heedless of meridian suns and midnight dews, though surrounded by infection, devoting herself with prodigal disinterestedness to the practice of heavenly charity, and sustaining the courage of men inured to danger and familiar with death by the example of her own dauntless resolution."

The great work of Dr. Judson, before his imprisonment, had been, like that of Martyn, the translation of the New Testament into the language of the native people amongst whom he laboured. He thus alludes to this in a letter to the Rev. D. Sharp, dated Rangoon, August 5th, 1823.

"It is with real satisfaction that I am able to inform you of the completion of the New Testament in Burman, about six weeks ago, since which I have added, by way of introduction, an epitome of the Old Testament, in twelve sections, consisting of a summary of Scripture history from the creation to the coming of Christ, and an abstract of the most important prophecies of the Messiah and His kingdom, from the Psalms, Isaiah and other prophets.

. . . It is compiled almost entirely in the words of Scripture, is received by the converts with great eagerness, and found to be peculiarly interesting and instructive, and forms, moreover, a sort of text-book, from which I am able to communicate much information on the history, types, and prophecies of the Old Testament in a systematic manner."

The preservation of this manuscript during the long period of Dr. Judson's cruel imprisonment is a memorable instance of the providence of God. We quote again from Dr. Wayland's Memoir.

"One of the first things Mr. Judson inquired after, as soon as he and Mrs. Judson were allowed to meet and speak together in English, was the manuscript translation of the New Testament. Part of it had been printed, but there was a large portion still in manuscript. Mrs. Judson had secreted it in the earth under the house. It was now the rainy season, and if the paper remained in this place any considerable length of time, it would be ruined by the mould. It was thought unsafe to allow a manuscript of this kind to remain in the house, from which any article was subject at any moment to be carried away, as, once examined, it would certainly be destroyed. The final conclusion was to sew the manuscript up in a pillow, so mean in its appearance and so hard and

uncomfortable withal, that even the avarice of a Burman would not covet it, while Mr. Judson himself should undertake the guardianship of the treasure. In reply to a remark afterwards made to him with regard to it, he said, 'When people are loaded with chains, and sleep half the time on a bare board, their senses become so obtuse that they do not know the difference between a hard pillow and a soft one.'"

After the missionaries had been in most suffering captivity, laden with iron fetters, for seven months, there came a sudden change. A band of men rushed into the prison yard; the little bamboo shed, which Mrs. Judson had been allowed to build for her husband within its precincts, was rapidly torn down, and pillows, and mattresses, and everything that could be found were carried away. Judson and his companions were thrust into the common inner prison with a hundred more miserable wretches, excluded from every breath of air except such as could find its way through crevices, and compelled to lie on the floor, bound with chains. In the hourly expectation of being summoned forth to be led to death—for he had heard that such was the intention—his mind recurred to the pillow which contained his valuable manuscript, and even at that solemn hour he speculated as to the probabilities of its ever falling into the

hands of his wife; or, again, he thought of the surprise which it would occasion if not brought to light till many years afterwards. But not only was Judson's life spared, his pillow was safely restored to him. This was its story:—"It fell to the share of the keeper of the prison, who afterwards exchanged it for a better one, wondering, no doubt, at the odd taste of the white man. When he was again robbed of his clothes and bedding, on the day he was driven away to Pung-pen-la, one of the ruffians deliberately untied the mat which was used as a cover to the precious pillow, and threw the apparently worthless roll of hard cotton away. Some hours after, Moung Ing, their faithful servant, stumbling upon this one relic of the vanished prisoners, carried it to the house as a token, and, several months from that time, the manuscript, which now makes a part of the Burmese Bible, was found within uninjured."

The translation of the Bible as a whole was completed in 1840, and was declared "perfect as a literary work." [1]

Meanwhile he had had the unutterable sorrow of

[1] The biographer of William Carey (George Smith, LL.D.) says: "Judson lived till 1850, to found a Church, and to prepare a Burmese dictionary, grammar, and translation of the Bible, so perfect that revision has hardly been necessary up to the present day."

losing his devoted wife in 1826, in the thirty-seventh year of her age. Dr. Judson was away from home at the time, and received her last request—given through her medical attendant—that he would never consent to enter the service of the British Government, but confine himself exclusively to the duties of his religious mission.

As she had lived, so she died, with her heart in the work to which she had consecrated her life.

The place of this heroic woman, so far as it is possible to replace one by another, was beautifully filled by Sarah Boardman, the widow of the excellent missionary, who had worked in the same field. Whilst yet almost a girl, her missionary aspirations had been ardent, fanned, doubtless, by having formed one of an influential audience assembled to listen to the thrilling narratives of Ann Judson, during a visit to her native land. How little could either of them have read the future unfoldings of Providence, or supposed that the bright and intelligent younger lady was preparing to take up the mantle of the "queenly woman" before her! Three years after the death of George Boardman, and after eight years of sorrowful loneliness on the part of Dr. Judson, the widower and the widow, so well prepared to be a comfort to each other, were married on the 10th of

April, 1834. Seven years of happy life were allotted them, and then, on her passage to America, where she was returning for her health, accompanied by her husband, this second treasure was taken from him, some of her latest thoughts in verse finding utterance in the touching lines,—

> "Higher shall our raptures glow
> On yon celestial plain,
> When the loved and parted here below
> Meet, ne'er to part again."

With a heart bowed with grief Judson once more set foot alone on his native shore. Neither the general applause and enthusiasm with which he was greeted during his visit to his native land, after committing the remains of his dearly loved partner to their resting-place on the lonely isle of St. Helena, nor the remembrance of the sufferings he had endured, weighed with him in comparison with the ardent attraction which drew him back to his chosen work. When again in Burmah, in 1846, he recommenced "hammering at the anvil of the Burmese dictionary, which," he says, "has hardly resounded with my blows for two years past—two years, alas! lost!—lost, in closing dear eyes, digging graves, rending heart-strings, and feeling about for new ones."

He endeavoured in vain to establish a mission church and station at Rangoon, and had firm faith to believe that though he might not see the prosperity of the cause he had loved and toiled for upon earth, he should "*soon* behold it from the windows of Paradise." "I tell you," he said, "if we had but the power to see them, the air above us *is thick* with contending spirits, the good and the bad striving for mastery. I know where final victory lies, but the struggle may be a long one." As respected himself, the struggle was soon to cease for ever; the cross so bravely borne was about to be exchanged for a crown. The prostrating fever which had brought him to the confines of the grave during his imprisonment at Ava had been subdued, but its effects lingered; and though several years intervened, his undermined constitution sank finally under its power.

We are glad to know that he had the cheer of a third devoted wife, known before her marriage in literary circles as Fanny Forester, to cheer his declining days. As the outward tenement was crumbling into dust, the soul caught glimpses of coming glory. "Oh, the love of Christ—the love of Christ!" was his constant exclamation, whilst his eye brightened, and tears of joy rolled down his face. "We cannot understand it now; but what a beautiful study for

eternity!" His heart seemed, like that of Paul, divided between his love for those amongst whom he had laboured and his desire to depart and to be with Christ. "No man," he exclaimed, "ever left this world with more inviting prospects; but," he added, "lying here on my bed, when I could not talk, I have had *such* views of the loving condescension of Christ and the glories of heaven as, I believe, are seldom granted to mortal man. It is not because I shrink from death that I desire to live; but a few years would not be missed from my eternity of bliss, and I could well afford to spare them for the sake of the poor Burmans! I am not tired of life, neither am I tired of the world, yet, when Christ calls me, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding home from school. *There is no doubt resting on my future.* . . . I feel *so strong in Christ!* He has not led me so tenderly thus far to forsake me at the very gate of heaven."

It was thought right, as affording the last ray of hope, that a sea voyage should be tried, and he parted from his beloved wife, whose health prevented her from going with him, starting in a state of extreme weakness, and accompanied by only one Christian friend, on a voyage to Europe. To him he said, "You are my only kindred now; I mean the

only one on board who loves Christ. It is a great comfort to me to have one near me who loves Christ."

"And you feel Christ is now near, sustaining you?" asked his friend. "Oh, yes," he replied; "it is all right there!"

After inexpressible sufferings, the fever of death seized him. "It is done; I am going!" he exclaimed to the poor native servants who stood weeping round his couch. The ship's officers, leaving their dinner untasted, gathered reverently about the door of his cabin to await the close. The agony of death was over, and his weary spirit was returning to its rest in the bosom of his Saviour.

From time to time he pressed Mr. Ramsay's hand, in which his own was resting, each effort being feebler than the last, while his shortening breath, without struggle, gradually ceased, and he passed from earth's conflicts to behold "the King in His beauty."

"Sing with me! sing with me!
Blessed spirits, sing with me!
To the Lamb our songs shall be
Through a glad eternity.
Farewell, earthly morn and even,
Sun and moon, and stars of heaven:
Heavenly portals, ope before me!
Welcome Christ and all His glory."

CHAPTER VI.

KNILL.

GOBAT.

CHAPTER VI.

KNILL.

"In labours more abundant."—2 *Cor.* xi. 23.

THE name of Judson, a prince among missionaries, opens before us a vista of labourers in other foreign fields, who, though not all stars of the first magnitude, may yet truly be designated great in the work which they did for their Lord. TURNING-POINTS in the lives of such men are always memorable, for they mark the point at which a decided step was taken from the kingdom of Satan to the kingdom of Christ. It reminds us of the time when the heroic Abner passed over from the house of Saul to the house of David, joining himself to him whom the Lord had chosen to be head over His people.

Considered in this light, the events which led to the conversion of Knill, known subsequently as the devoted labourer, first in India, and afterwards amongst the Fins and Russians, are of no common interest. The writer will not soon forget sitting spell-bound, when a child, listening to some of the

incidents of his missionary career, as they fell from the lips of this venerable man, whose face beamed with that hallowed radiance which "habitual converse with God" gives.

Richard Knill was born in 1787, and, like many others who afterwards became noteworthy, he had a narrow escape from danger whilst quite a child, being saved from drowning by a poor widow who was carding wool at her cottage door. "She could not read," remarked Mr. Knill, when alluding to this preservation; "but she saved my life. Feeble powers, if well employed, will do wonders."

Knill's mother was herself an instance of the truth of this remark, for she owed her conversion instrumentally to a young man, the son of a farmer, who opened a shop in the neighbourhood, and held a simple religious service at his house on Sunday evenings. He was ridiculed by the people generally, but God blessed the seed sown, and Mrs. Knill accepted "with joy unspeakable" the Lord Jesus Christ as her salvation. "Blessed be God," writes her son afterwards, "for a praying mother." For long years, however, the dissipated habits of her boy weighed heavily on her mind. He was fond of singing foolish songs, and breaking the Sabbath.

"My fondness for music," he says, "was a great

snare to me. The devil often took advantage of it to lead me into company. At last I began to fancy that if I enlisted into the militia I should soon get into the band, and then it would be music and songs all the year round. Accordingly I enlisted. This nearly broke my mother's heart. 'Now,' said she, '*body and soul are lost;* oh, what can be done?'" The young man who had first led that troubled mother to Jesus now interposed, and succeeded, after great efforts, in procuring a discharge for her son. During the proceedings, Knill had to stay in the house of his deliverer, and came down to family worship night and morning. "This," he says, "was a new and strange scene to me. I had never been present at a family prayer in my life. The first night that I was in this good man's house, about nine o'clock he rang the bell, and his shopmen and servants all came into the parlour and sat down. I looked with surprise, and wondered what was coming next. When all were seated, he opened his Bible, and read a portion, and thus let God speak to his household. They then arose and fell upon their knees. The sight overpowered me. I trembled; I almost fainted. At last I kneeled down too. I thought of my past life; I thought of my present position; I thought, Can such a guilty creature be

saved? I heard but little of my kind friend's prayer. All my soul seemed turned in upon myself. My conscience said: 'This is how true Christians live; but how have I lived? God has not been in all my thoughts; but now I will begin to seek mercy.' I went to bed that night as I never had gone before. On entering the room, I looked round for a Bible, but found none. There was a copy of 'Doddridge's Hymns' on the table, some verses of which I read on my knees at the bedside, and then poured out my heart in broken prayers, and went to bed. This was just when I had completed my twentieth year. I have never gone to Barnstaple of late years without going to weep over the hallowed spot where God fastened the arrows of conviction in my heart." It must ever be remembered, however, that conviction is not conversion, though, in this case, happily, the one followed the other. The turning-point, in very truth, had come.

Circumstances, which is only another word for Divine providence, led to his removal to Bideford, where he came under the ministry of the Rev. Samuel Rooker, "a holy man of God," under whose influence his religious awakening resulted in a real change of heart, and he joined the church in 1809. In 1811 the seeds were first sown which were to

produce such abundant fruit. His pastor, in a commemorative service, by way of contrasting the privileges enjoyed in a Christian country with the degradation existing in other lands, read extracts from "Buchanan's Christian Researches in the East."[1] "As he went over the thrilling pictures of the pilgrims to Juggernaut, and recounted facts which some judged too revolting for the ears of an English auditory, one of the teachers was noticed with large moistened eyes fixed on the preacher, and his manly, open countenance beaming with mingled wonder and compassion. 'It was,' said he, long afterwards, 'like a spark on tinder. It set me on fire to go to the heathen. I did not know of missionary societies, but my thoughts were set to work, and I borrowed books and informed my mind on the subject. I was afraid to mention my impressions to my pastor, but they smouldered until the Lord's time came.'" This waiting time was anything but one of inaction. His intense love for winning souls showed itself in tract distribution, in Sunday-school teaching, and in cottage visiting. His words burned with the fervour which glowed within his breast, and the brother of his pastor, having overheard one

[1] It will be remembered that Dr. Judson's thoughts were first turned to India through reading Dr. Buchanan.

of his public addresses, asked him in private conversation what were his views with regard to entering the ministry. He answered that he had "but one view of the subject which swallowed up everything else," and his friends forthwith determined that all external obstacles to the accomplishment of what appeared so evidently to be the call of God should be removed. In 1812 he was sent to go through a course of study at the Western Academy. Thus step by step way was made for him to carry out the dearest wish of his life. "Cannot you behold," he says, "it is the Lord's doing? Then lift up a song of praise for me." The year 1814 was a memorable one for Knill. He attended a missionary meeting held at Bridport, at which Dr. Waugh, of London, preached with wonderful power on the text, "It shall come to pass in that day that the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish." After a grand display of evangelical truth, he paused and said: "My brethren, this great trumpet cannot blow itself; it must be sounded by men—redeemed, converted men—those who themselves have tasted the joys of pardoned sins, and who, from their own happy experience, can tell the heathen what a precious Saviour Jesus is. We want such men, and we must have them." He

then looked around, as if wishing to fix his piercing eye on some object, and in melting tones said: "Is there in this congregation one young disciple of the Lord who has love enough in his heart to his Master to say, 'Lord, here am I, send me'?" "I felt the appeal," says Knill. "It entered into my soul, and I silently said, 'Lord, I will go.' This was a solemn hour to me. I bless God for it, and shall ever bless Him. . . . I procured a little chamber, and spent some hours alone in fasting and prayer. I have had that little room in my eye ten thousand times since, for there I spent some of the happiest moments of my life, in saying again to Him who redeemed me, 'Lord, I will go.'" But a harder task remained. He rightly felt that he could expect no blessing on this act of self-surrender without his parents' consent. His father put no obstacle in his way, but his mother, though an earnest Christian, at first counted the sacrifice too great. "'Richard,' she said, 'how can you think of leaving me? I am advancing in years, and I have always comforted myself with the hope that you would be with me to pray with me and cheer me when I shall pass through the valley of the shadow of death. I cannot give my consent. You should have seen me under the clods of the valley first.' . . . But she betook herself to

prayer, and at last prayer prevailed. She prayed for days and nights too; and one morning, as I met her at her chamber door, the tears were dried up. Her countenance was again tranquil, and she caught me round the neck, and with a mother's fond embrace, said: 'Now, my dear son, it is all settled; God has given me grace to say to you, "Go," and I bless Him for putting it into your heart to go, and I adore Him for giving me an Isaac to offer on His altar. Go, my son, go;' and from that hour until the day that she died she did nothing but cheer me." It was not without calm and prayerful deliberation that Knill entered upon his new career. The questions, "Can you leave your dear parents? Can you part with friends? Can you leave the enjoyments of your native country? Are your bodily powers equal to the arduous undertaking?" had all been weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, and the answer was ready, "Whilst I look to myself I must despair, but while I look believingly to Jesus, then I am strong, knowing that I can do all through Christ's strengthening me. Oh, blessed Jesus, here I am, send me!" After the acceptance of Knill by the London Missionary Society, he went for a time to Gosport, where the excellent Dr. Boque had combined with his pastoral

duties the care of training young men for the home and foreign mission field. Here he was intensely occupied, and had repeated and remarkable evidence that the Lord owned his labours. The sower must sow in faith, but after "long patience" the husbandman is sometimes permitted to reap as well as sow. How little did the youthful minister think, when preaching one of his farewell sermons, that thirty-three years afterwards he should attend a public meeting at Ludlow, and hear from one of the principal speakers, the Rev. Samuel Tillotson, that, under God's blessing, he owed his conversion, when a wild, blaspheming lad, to an earnest address given by a tall, thin, pale young man who was about to go abroad as a missionary. "'Is *he* going to the heathen,' I thought; 'then I shall never see him more. I will listen.' . . . He read and prayed, and then gave out his text, 'There is a lad here.' There God met with my soul; I yielded myself unto Him. . . . I have now been a regular preacher in our body for thirty years, and God has smiled on my labours. I owe it all to that sermon. I have never seen the preacher since, and perhaps I may never see him, but I shall have a glorious tale to tell him when we meet in heaven.'"

But the telling had not to be so long deferred.

Knill rose in the midst of the meeting and introduced himself to his old convert, and the effect was "electrical."

We return to take up the thread of our story. The young missionary was destined for India, but though his heart thrilled with the prospect of proclaiming the Gospel in heathen lands, he keenly felt the parting from friends and country. Closest to his affectionate heart came the separation from his "sainted mother." She took off her wedding-ring in the presence of his father and gave it to him saying, "This is the dearest thing I possess. I have worn it more than forty years, and now, in the expectation that I shall never see you again in this world, I give it you. Your father gave it me as a pledge of his love, and I give it as a token of our united love to you." The feelings of that mother might have found vent in the beautiful lines of Montgomery:-

"Thus then in peace depart,
And angels guard thy footsteps—no!
There is a feeling in the heart
That will not let thee go.
Yet go—my spirit goes with thee,
Yet go—thy spirit stays with me."

But as this little narrative only professes to be a

sketch we must pass hastily on, and we will in imagination look over the shoulder of his parents as they are reading one of his first letters from the land of his adoption.

"Through the tender mercies of God, I am well, very well, much better than when I last saw your face. India agrees with me much better than I could have even hoped for. I live principally on rice, which suits my constitution. I take much exercise in the morning before the sun rises. The morning and the evening are the only seasons which are safe for Europeans to go out, because the heat of the sun is quick destruction. I wear very thin clothes, sleep very cool, drink very little, preach very often, study very closely, visit the schools twice a week, see some fruit of my labours, and want nothing but a thankful heart. This is the language of my heart,—

> 'Gracious Redeemer, let me bear
> More of Thy gracious image here.'"

He then proceeds to describe his work in the schools, and speaks of the native children as "little, sharp, intelligent creatures, almost naked. They sit on the ground, write on the sand till they can write good letters, and then on the leaf of a

tree with a pen of iron. They will not permit their girls to learn reading; even a princess does not know a letter." How it would have rejoiced the heart of the writer if he could have foreseen the doors now opening to the Zenana mission!

Some idea of his liberality and unweared diligence is given in his reminiscences.

"I was enabled," he says, "with my salary to support seven native schools. These were so situated that I could visit them all in one day." His horse became accustomed to his daily rounds, and used to stop abruptly at "The Sailors' Hospital" or at the different schools. A Bengal officer, to whom he was lent one morning, not knowing this habit, was twice nearly thrown out of the gig. On reaching home he said, "I am glad that I have returned without broken bones, but never will I drive a religious horse again!"

But a check came to his excessive exertions. He contracted an illness from sleeping in a damp bed, and, just as his work appeared wonderfully prospering, death, not life, seemed before him. That so important a career of usefulness should have been for months interrupted by so apparently trifling a circumstance should be a warning to God's children to take sufficient thought for the body for the work's

sake. Though he recovered from this attack of illness, he was some time afterwards seized with cholera whilst attending upon a man suffering from this fearful malady, and when able to travel he was ordered to leave India. His parents were both alive, though quite aged; his mother, overcome by her feelings at seeing her son, fainted, as he feared, to rise no more; but the Lord restored her, and the mutual rejoicing was great in the faithfulness of their Father in heaven.

Russia was the next scene of Knill's labours in the cause of the Gospel, chiefly through the instrumentality of the well-known Dr. Paterson, the indefatigable worker in the cause of the Bible Society. In December, 1820, he reached St. Petersburg. As before, showers of blessings descended on his efforts, but a cloud came over his happiness by the loss of his friend, Walter Venning, the devoted philanthropist, who at the early age of thirty-eight died of fever contracted during his prison investigations. "I wish to say to you, Knill," were his dying words, "labour for Jesus Christ as long as you have breath in your body." Never were dying injunctions more literally fulfilled.

In the year 1823, at the age of thirty-six, Knill married Sarah Notman, who had been brought up

and educated as a member of the Society of Friends. It was a singularly happy alliance, and her husband wrote respecting it, after a union of more than thirty years, "I deliberately consider it, next to my soul's salvation, the greatest blessing of my life."

The following year was one ever to be remembered from the awful catastrophe occasioned by the overflow of the Neva, which proved fatal in its consequences to many thousands of people. Jean Ingelow's lines on the high tide of 1571, on the coast of Lincolnshire, give some idea of the tragic scene:—

> "Then some looked uppe into the sky,
> And all along where Lindis flows,
> To where the goodly vessels lie,
> And where the lordly steeple shows.
>
> * * * * *
>
> The old sea-wall (he cried) is downe,
> The rising tide comes on apace,
> And boats adrift in yonder towne
> Go sailing uppe the market-place.
>
> * * * * *
>
> And roaring Lindis backward pressed,
> Shook all her trembling bankes amaine,
> Then madly at the eygre's breast
> Flung uppe her weltering walls again."

In his agony for souls Knill writes, "The loss to

the commercial world, though great, may be remedied, but those who are gone!!! those who are gone!!! May I never lose the impression which I now feel of the value of the soul and the necessity of redemption through Jesus Christ, as well as the importance of making every sermon to abound with those particular truths which are calculated to bring men to Christ, and to be ready to depart! Oh, what would I have given for an angel's voice and an eagle's wings, to flee and tell the drowning peasants of the Lamb of God! but now it is over." "I am happy to know," he continues, "that many of my dear people were much engaged in prayer during the dreadful hours, and some of them were made inexpressibly happy in the prospect of death and eternity."

Knill's abundant labours in Russia were much blessed; he sowed bountifully, and he reaped bountifully. A master tailor, who was utterly indifferent to the things of God, became converted, and at once set to work to distribute the Scriptures amongst his men in Swedish, German, Finnish, and Russ, holding a Bible class with them in the evenings, so that the whole establishment was changed, and, instead of Sabbath-breaking, every day had its Sabbath-like occupation of prayer and praise. So abundant was

the increase from one good seed. A "wide door and effectual" soon opened most providentially for the circulation of hundreds of Finnish Bibles amongst those who spoke that language.

How often we have occasion to remark that it is by watching opportunities rather than by seeking to do some "great thing" that God's work is accomplished. A young Lutheran clergyman, hearing of a small island in the Baltic, inhabited by Finns who had neither doctor nor pastor, hired a little boat to visit them, and for about an hour preached to them the good news of the Gospel. The people were delighted, and exclaimed, "This is an angel! Oh, will you stay among us and be our pastor? If you will, we will give you fish, and oil, and candles, which is all we have." The youthful evangelist, pleased with his reception, promised to return to St. Petersburg and see what could be done. Knill, hearing of the circumstance, set about procuring the means, and the young man was first despatched, leaving his boxes to follow. A good supply of Bibles were being packed at the top, when a milkmaid passed by. Knill asked her if she could read. She replied, "Yes sir, in my own language." This proved to be the Finnish. At Knill's request, she read fluently the 23rd Psalm till she came to the verse,

"Yea, though I walk," etc., and then, beginning to weep, she returned the book. She said she had never had money enough to buy a Bible; she had only a ruble (10*d.*) in her possession. When told she might have it for that sum, her ecstacy could not be described. "She looked at it, opened it, shut it, and looked again; then pressed it to her heart, kissed it, and burst into tears." Like the woman of Samaria, who brought her neighbours to Christ, this milkmaid spread the news far and wide, and the sale of the Scriptures became very great.

"In six weeks," writes Knill, "I sold 800 volumes; persons who had to travel thirty-three miles were at my house at break of day, to make sure of a copy."

His own self-denial and trust in God were conspicuous. He mentions on one occasion having put 100 rubles into his pocket, intending to lay out fifty for Bibles, and reserve the other fifty for the use of his family, but meeting a funeral, he was forcibly reminded of the words, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work nor device in the grave, whither thou goest," and the result was that all the money was spent in Bibles. We are glad to be able to add that his friends, knowing of the emergency, gladly shared in the expense, so that his own were not left unprovided

for. There may be circumstances like that just related, in which a special act of faith is called for, but generally speaking it is right for every Christian man to follow the apostolic admonition in providing for the needs of those who are dependent upon him. This seed-sowing brought forth a blessed harvest, and houses which had once been characterized by drunkenness and card-playing became lights to the neighbourhood.

About the same time a very extensive circulation of the Scriptures in the Russian language took place. After the suppression of the Bible Society by the Emperor Nicholas, tens of thousands of copies of the precious volume were shut up in the Bible-house, and exposed to moth and rust. These were at last liberated, a lady in Scotland having sent funds to aid in the distribution. About 6,000 Bibles, Psalters, and New Testaments were distributed in one year, besides a large number of tracts;[1] six native teachers in India were supported, education provided for, the poor were clothed, the sick ministered to spiritually and temporally, and all this, under God,

[1] Knill was a great tract-distributer. "One tract," he would say, "may save a soul." His own tracts obtained a circulation of some millions, and were translated into several languages, and eminently attended with blessing.

through the instrumentality of one devoted man, who owed his conversion, humanly speaking, to a simple shop-keeper, the son of a farmer, who had honoured his Lord by seeking to gather in souls.

But in the midst of this extraordinary activity and blessing clouds of heavy affliction were permitted to gather as in a thunder-storm. A fearful visitation of cholera spread through Petersburg, and from the missionary's family two little boys out of the threefold group were taken, and he himself, his wife. and two servants were all prostrated, though they ultimately recovered. The resignation of the stricken parents to God's will reminds us of that of Job. "Glory be to God! Glory be to God! Glory be to God," writes the afflicted father, "were the only words which my wife and myself could utter, when we saw ourselves so suddenly bereaved, and I hope these will be the burden of our song through the ages of eternity."

In the month of May, 1833, Knill was invited by the directors of the London Missionary Society to return to Great Britain, that he might spread abroad a missionary spirit through the country. He had fully expected to resume, after a while, his labours in Russia, but it proved a final leave-taking, and he was permitted to close his useful life in his native land.

A sketch of what he was as a preacher, and in private, may be condensed from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Urwick, of Dublin. "There was no pretence of greatness, there was no attempt at display, but there was good sense, pure and rich Gospel truth, living earnestness, a spirit glowing as if kindled from the altar of God, and a directness which made the hearers feel that what he said was spoken in honest purpose of heart. His style was simple; his sentences short; and every word seemed to be an outbreathing of his soul. His countenance was most expressive: whatever affected himself appeared to affect others; you might read his mind in his face; and the smile or the tear—the look that wins, or melts, or awes—came spontaneously with his ideas. He was tellingly graphic in description and moving in appeal; and withal he had an unction of sterling piety, which proved him to be truly a man of God. . . . He had great vivacity in conversation, with not a little wit and humour, and uniform good temper. I feel assured that in him the freshness which came on many occasions in the same form [alluding to his practice of repeating the same anecdotes and appeals in different places] was genuine, and was sustained by close communion with God in and for His work." "I think," said a friend to him, "I

should feel the want of retirement in your present mode of life more than anything." "So I do, my brother," he replied, "and particularly that I have so little time for prayer; I mean quiet prayer in the closet—without any noise, any hurry, any disturbance. This is what I want, and what every minister of the Gospel wants. What can we do without prayer? How can we study, how can we preach, how can we visit the sick, how can our words reach the heart without prayer? A minister needs to be surrounded continually with a devotional atmosphere."

Thus dwelling as in the presence of God, Knill was prepared, not only to speak in the power of the Spirit, with remarkable result, to large masses of the people, Protestants and Catholics alike, in the factory as well as in the pulpit, but also to deal with individual souls, a course which he especially recommended, but which, of all others, requires Divine guidance to speak the word in season without closing the way by giving offence. It is said that as many as a hundred ministers who afterwards preached the Gospel at home or abroad were first brought to devote themselves to Christ through his earnest personal appeals. Once, when visiting the Rev. James Spurgeon, he walked in the garden with his host's grandson, a lad of ten years old, and feeling,

as he afterwards said, a prayerful concern for the intelligent and inquiring boy, he sat with him under a yew-tree, put his hands on his head and prayed for him, telling him at the close that he believed he "*would love Jesus Christ, and preach His Gospel in the largest chapel in the world.*" It is interesting to find that Knill lived to see the prediction at least on its way to fulfilment, and a short correspondence ensued between Spurgeon and himself, referring to the old garden scene.

"These are tokens," Knill writes, "of Thy favour too great to be left unrecorded. What would thousands of gold and silver be compared to the conversion of souls and the calling out of preachers?" Let us listen to the story in C. H. Spurgeon's own words. "When I was a young child staying with my grandfather, there came to preach in the village Mr. Knill, who had been a missionary at St. Petersburg, and a mighty preacher of the Gospel. He came to preach for the London Missionary Society, and arrived on the Saturday at the manse. He was a great soul-winner, and he soon spied out the boy. He said to me, 'Where do you sleep? for I want to call you up in the morning.' I showed him my little room. At six o'clock he called me up, and we went into a yew-tree arbour in the garden. There,

in the sweetest way, he told me of the love of Jesus, and of the blessedness of trusting in Him and loving Him in our childhood. With many a story he preached Christ to me, and told me how good God had been to him, and then he knelt down in that arbour and prayed for me with his arms about my neck, that I might know the Lord and serve Him. He did not seem content unless I kept with him in the interval between the services, and he heard my childish talk with patient love. On Monday morning he did as on the Sabbath, and again on Tuesday. Three times he taught me and prayed with me, and before he had to leave my grandfather had come back from the place where he had gone to preach, and all the family had gathered to morning prayer. Then in the presence of them all Mr. Knill took me on his knee, and said: 'This child will one day preach the Gospel, and he will preach it to great multitudes. I am persuaded that he will preach in the chapel of Rowland Hill, where I am now the minister.' He spoke very solemnly, and called upon all present to witness what he said. Then he gave me sixpence as a reward if I would learn the hymn,—

> 'God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform';

and I was made to promise that when I preached in Rowland Hill's chapel that hymn should be sung.

"Years flew by. After I had begun for some little time to preach in London, Dr. Alexander Fletcher had to give the annual sermon to children in Surrey Chapel, but, as he was taken ill, I was asked in a hurry to preach to the children. 'Yes,' I said, 'I will, if the children will sing "God moves in a mysterious way." I have made a promise long ago that that should be sung.' And so it was. I preached in Rowland Hill's chapel, and the hymn was sung. After that I went to preach for Mr. Knill himself, who was then at Chester. What a meeting we had!"

In 1842 Knill became pastor to a congregation which had once been favoured with the ministry of Rowland Hill, at Wotton-under-Edge, in Gloucestershire, and having seen fruit of his labour there, he left it at the end of six years to plough a soil which had been suffered to grow hard, at the old city of Chester. He stirred up the sleepy professors in the neighbouring centres, and this told with advantage on the Church at home, a result he was most earnest to accomplish. "No man," he said, "likes to go into an ice-cellar—it is too cold; few people like to be in a room with dead bodies—there is death; and a sleepy, lukewarm Church has some-

thing in it so repelling that I wonder how any one can remain in it. Let the members of this Church shine forth in all the splendour of holy living, and the influences of it on others will be astonishing. Look on them: their heads planning for good, their hands working for God, their tongues crying, 'Behold the Lamb!' Is there nothing in all this to attract an inquiring youth?—nothing to catch the sympathies of a sinner just brought out of darkness into marvellous light?"

For this devoted labourer the heavenly mansion was now looming in the distance, the distant lights appeared in the horizon, but a few more sorrows had yet to be borne, and fresh sheaves yet waited the reaper's hand. His only remaining son Samuel, who had given himself, heart and soul, to the ministry, died of consumption, and at the same time a beloved great-niece, whom he and his wife had adopted, was also "called up higher."

Ever anxious to break up new ground for the Gospel-seed, Knill preached for twenty Sabbaths to congregations of from fifteen to eighteen hundred in the theatre, and numbers were turned "from the power of Satan unto God," and united with various Churches in the city.

"Mr. Knill's interpretation of life," writes Edwin

Hodder, "was 'usefulness,' and he exemplified it in his own career. His labours in Russia and in India, his missionary tours in Great Britain, his theatre-preaching, his unceasing activity, even to old age, all testified to his devotion and usefulness."

Suddenly, in the midst of his abundant work, the call came to a more blessed service in the courts above. The "wheel was broken at the cistern." He had been preaching three times on the Sunday, and the following day to a very large audience in the market-place, appearing in excellent health and spirits. On Tuesday morning he was planning another journey, but when alone in his study he suddenly broke a blood-vessel, which proved to be "the beginning of the end," as far as regards this mortal life. "I bless God," he writes, "for the hope that I shall soon be with the Lord. I have much to endear life. I love my family; I love my Church; I love dear friends—but I could joyfully part with all to be for ever with Him. Death has but one sting, and that has been taken out by Jesus Christ our Lord. Hallelujah!"

At the early part of his illness he was tried by great depression, the effect of physical causes. Let not those who watch the sick-bed of a Christian believer be surprised at this not unfrequent ex-

perience. The immortal inmate of this tabernacle of clay often sympathises in its weakness, and what is merely of the body is sometimes falsely attributed to failure of faith. The cloud, in the case of this child of God, was graciously permitted to disappear, and his last days were passed under the canopy of peace, and love, and joy.

"My dear," he exclaimed to his beloved wife, the day before his death, "I believe my Saviour will say to me, 'Well done!'"

Even in the wanderings of delirium this joy of his soul shone forth. "They sent me to preach unto the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ; and I did it!—I did it!"

As the old year was dying out, minute by minute, the Christian veteran lay breathing out his last expiring breath. The New Year dawned, and on the 2nd of January, 1857, "with a look of heavenly gladness, and peace, and rest, his eyes gently closed in the sweet sleep which He giveth to His beloved."

"The soul undrest
  From her mortal vest,
Had stept in her car of heavenly fire,
  And had proved how bright
  Were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight!"

GOBAT.

"I will very gladly spend and be spent for you, though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved."—2 *Cor.* xii. 15.

THE TURNING-POINT in the life of Samuel Gobat, afterwards Bishop of Jerusalem, is one of special interest. On it hung momentous issues, influencing not only his own prospects for eternity, but greatly affecting the spread of the Gospel in three continents.

He was born at Munsterthal, in the Jura, in 1799, and was carefully brought up by his parents. They had lost most of their property during the French Revolution, but they nobly resolved to sell off as much of their remaining land as would suffice to pay their debts, and though they were thus reduced to a humiliating position as regards this life, spiritual blessings from that time seemed showered down on the family.

Samuel, like the great prophet whose name he bore, was called of God when a child. He delighted in reading the Bible and in secret prayer, and earnestly desired to become a minister of the Gospel.

Depending, however, too much on his own strength, he entered, when quite young, into controversy with a Roman Catholic priest, whom, owing to his superior knowledge of the Scriptures, he was able to silence, but doubts arose in his own mind on several parts which he did not understand, and ceasing to receive the truth as a little child, he became by degrees a complete sceptic.

"For several years," he says, "I do not remember having felt the need of a Saviour, or any desire after God." His parents, becoming anxious about his state, although his outward conduct was orderly, invited M. Bost, a celebrated minister, to converse with him; but the young man ingeniously contrived to parry off any home-stroke, and then abruptly broke away, pleading some engagement.

On looking back he saw the poor man still remaining on the same spot, and wiping his eyes, doubtless under the fear of not having faithfully performed his mission.

Gobat was touched to the heart with the sense of his own vileness, and what conversation had failed to do was at least partially accomplished by the thought of the sorrow he had caused to one who really cared for his soul. Still, though his slumbering conscience had been awakened, he did not for-

sake sin and turn to God, but tried to quench the voice of the Holy Spirit by card-playing and other dissipation. Thus he went on from July, 1818 (the time of the interview referred to), till Sunday, the 20th of October, and then came the turning-point in his life, which, with some abbreviation, shall be given in his own words.

"I had spent the morning at church, which I still attended regularly for my parents' sake, but had slept the hours of devotion away. The afternoon had been passed in dancing, and the evening was to have been spent in play with some young men of my acquaintance. But when, unobserved by my parents, I contrived to slip away, I was suddenly struck with a sense of the presence of God. I went back again into the house, and took up the Bible, with the intention of reading it, which I had not done [voluntarily] for several years. But when I had opened it I had not the courage to proceed, for I felt myself under the wrath of God and unworthy to read His word. All the sophisms on which I had built my unbelief seemed suddenly swept away, and the Bible once more became to me the true and sure word of God—but alas, it became so to my condemnation. For fear lest my parents and sisters should observe my emotion, I said that I did not

feel well, and withdrew to my room. Oh, what a terrible, and yet what a blessed night was before me! When alone, I reflected for a moment on my lost condition, and then began to pray in these or similar words, 'O my Creator! I have been taught from my infancy that Thou hast sent Thine only begotten Son into the world to save sinners. If it be really so, I beseech Thee to reveal Him unto me, for I am a lost sinner. Have mercy upon me!' The more I prayed the deeper became the anguish, the agony of my soul. I felt as if there had been but one step between me and eternal, irremediable death. . . . The agony of my soul was so terrible that I filled my mouth with a handkerchief to prevent my crying aloud while pleading for mercy. I continued thus praying and crying to God till about three o'clock next morning, when I fancied I saw rays of vivid light coming down from the ceiling of my room. . . . I instantly summoned up all my courage, and exclaimed in the words of Jacob, 'I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me!'

"On a sudden I felt the Lord Jesus near me in all the fulness of His love. I felt His assurance, not in words, for I heard no sound, but by a kind of Divine power, of my reconciliation with God and of His favour.

"From that time I was enabled to believe that Jesus was my Saviour, my Lord, and my God. The remaining hours of that night were the most blissful of my life. Next morning, however, on attempting to rise, I found that I had no strength to do so—I was completely exhausted. . . . As soon as my mother looked at me, she seemed struck with my appearance. 'What is the matter with you?' she asked, with enforced calmness; 'your countenance is altogether changed.' And then I related to her faithfully all that had taken place during the night, happy thus to have overcome the first temptation [to concealment]. After my mother had left me on that happy morning, I slept for several hours, and when I awoke I still rejoiced, though the vividness of my feelings had greatly subsided. My bodily strength was restored, and I felt my moral weakness very keenly, and I was again assailed by the temptation to conceal the change which had taken place within me, lest a subsequent lapse should expose me to the derision of scoffers. Falling upon my knees, I owned my weakness, and asked for strength to persevere, and boldly to confess the name of my Lord before men. On rising from prayer, I saw through the window a group of my companions. I at once said to myself, 'Now is the time to make

use of the grace and strength for which I have just been asking. I must go and speak to them.'

"Being naturally very shy, I dreaded the idea of expected ridicule; yet I saw my duty clear before me, and there was no time to be lost. I hastened out to them in the full expectation that my words would be received with a roar of laughter, if not with something worse. But what was my surprise on perceiving that *their* behaviour had also altered, and that their habitual levity was replaced by a gravity of manner such as rendered it quite easy for me to address to them a few solemn and affectionate words. I reminded them of the reckless course I had hitherto pursued in their companionship, and told them of the change which God had wrought in my heart. I briefly declared that I was steadfastly purposed from thenceforth to serve the Lord, and that I must therefore bid farewell to their society, unless, indeed, any one of them were minded to walk with me in the narrow way."

From that time forward, with the exception of one very short period of declension, the course of Gobat was like "the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Soon after his conversion, when about twenty years of age, his heart was drawn out towards the

heathen world, and he felt a call from God to devote himself to a missionary life. He was received as a student at the Missionary College at Basle, where he especially studied Greek and Hebrew, to which he afterwards added Arabic, Ethiopic, and Amharic, which last is the vernacular language of Abyssinia, a country where several of the best years of his life were spent. In looking back in later days over the various scenes through which he had been led, he remarks: "Having acted through life on the principle of seeking and submitting to the highest guidance, I have never tried to change my position; yet, from my father's house, from the plough, I have been called and led through Basle, England, Malta, and Abyssinia, by the Basle and Church Missionary Societies, by the committee of the Malta College, and lastly by the late King of Prussia, to my present position as Bishop of the Church of England and Ireland in Jerusalem."

Gobat's first entrance into the foreign missionary field was in 1826, when he was sent to Abyssinia, a country to which his mind had been turned with the deepest sympathy, in consequence of having previously met with an account of the mission of the Jesuits in that land in the sixteenth century. So small are sometimes the initial steps which lead to

great results! Before reaching his destination he visited Palestine, in order to meet with a few Abyssinians who resided at Jerusalem, and through them to get a better hold of the language. He considered it to be his painful duty to attend all the services and ceremonies of Holy Week, at the church of the Holy Sepulchre, some of which he thus describes. "The Greeks had no preaching. We saw a Greek bishop wash the feet of twelve monks, after which the water was poured into a large cask, already nearly full of clean water, that was placed in a large upper room. In a moment the apartment was filled with pilgrims of both sexes, who jostled one another in the endeavour to dip his or her unclean handkerchief and *arakieh* (a white cap which they wear under the tarboosh) in order to squeeze out the water thus obtained into small bottles, to be taken home and used as medicine for every kind of malady. At last there remained nothing but a little thick greenish matter, which could hardly be called fluid. This a number of invalid pilgrims eagerly swallowed for the benefit of their souls and bodies. This ceremony and the holy fire form the chief parts of the Greek services in Holy Week."

"That Holy Week," adds Gobat, many years afterwards, "was the most melancholy week of my

life, and though I have now been more than twenty years in Jerusalem, I have never seen, or wished to see again, those abominations practised in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre." Gobat uttered a protest against these proceedings to the aged Bishop of Petra, called the Bishop of the Light, "and asked him how he could, at the day of judgment, give an account of thus wilfully and knowingly deceiving thousands of people. He shrugged his shoulders, and asked mildly, 'What shall we do? If there were no light, the Turks would murder us;' the meaning of which was, 'If we have no holy fire, no pilgrims would come, and we should be destitute of the money necessary to satisfy the demands of the Turks.'" After attempting, against chilling difficulties, to preach the Gospel in the "Land of Promise," the missionary left Jerusalem, and proceeded to Egypt, on his way to Abyssinia, which for about three years was to be the scene of his labours. The caravan consisted of himself, a German carpenter, the Abyssinian ambassador and his servant, four drivers and twenty-two camels. It is difficult to condense into a short compass the various sufferings which he underwent in mind and body during his residence in that country. He was very successful as a medical missionary, thus gaining access to the hearts

of those in power as well as the humbler class. But he had also to contend with fierce opposition, by which he was sharply tested; yet his faith and patience ultimately triumphed, transforming his enemies into friends. One instance shall be given in his own words. "Some person having once observed in my absence that I was different from all the white men he had ever seen, whether Copts, Greeks, or Armenians, who always lost their temper when contradicted, several of the most learned men of Gondar agreed together that they would try to arouse my impatience and wrath by putting intricate questions, and violently opposing all that I should say. This they did for some days, either two by two or all together, in the presence of many other persons. This really afflicted me deeply; the more so as I had had, till then, a good opinion of them all, as not being far from the kingdom of God. But my sorrow on their account, instead of moving me to anger, excited me to earnest prayer. They must have become aware of this, for after a few days they came in a body to ask my pardon, confessing the unworthy motive of their conduct, and owning their conviction that I sought their real good, even their salvation." What a beautiful exemplification is contained here of the victory of meekness! Nor must we omit to

mention the remarkable manner in which Gobat's simple trust in God, combined with his own vigorous exertions, availed him in a time of peculiar trial.

Owing to the swollen state of the rivers, and other impeding circumstances, no supplies could reach him for three months at a time, when, by uncontrollable events, he had twelve extra men thrust upon him for a maintenance. He had so often told the Abyssinians not to beg, but to pray in faith, when they were in need, assuring them their prayers would be answered, that it was of the utmost consequence he should carry out his teaching. It was a time of trial, but God did not fail His faithful servant. He took his difficulty to the throne of grace, and soon after found that there was abundance of game in the neighbourhood. He made his own powder, employed it successfully himself, and instructed his men how to use it, and thus during the rainy reason all their wants, and those of several poor people besides, were daily provided for. We are reminded of the well-known saying of Cromwell, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," or of the proverb, "God helps those who help themselves." "Ora et labora" is a motto which should never grow out of date.

On several other occasions Gobat was placed in the greatest extremity, but at the very last moment

he was able to prove to those around him that his God, whom he trusted, was indeed "able to deliver." He tells us that he often travelled for a whole day, and once for two days and a half, without tasting food, and yet he never suffered from hunger, though he often did from thirst. "Shall I confess," he writes, "that when I found myself on the verge of the valley of the Tacazze, about 4,000 feet deep, a howling wilderness, inhabited only by wild beasts and poisonous reptiles, a doubt mingled with my accustomed prayer for 'daily bread'—'Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?'? The experience of the past and my own conscience rebuked me, and asking pardon for my want of faith, I began the steep descent, which took me four or five hours. On arriving at the bottom, I found that our host had secretly sent out two servants before daybreak with meat, bread, and wine, to await us near the river."

Surely the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob is the God of His people in all ages!

Great were the hardships in every way endured by this devoted missionary, and as we read of his sleeping at one time on a cow-hide, and at another, when suffering from a burning fever, resting on a stone, and sleeping in three inches of water, we marvel that life was preserved. In this last case, however, the

hazardous remedy did not kill, but *cured*, for the next day he rode about thirty miles on his mule in excellent health.

Once when money was very scarce, he lived for some time entirely on barley and water, and he did not hesitate to share in manual labour with his men, and to stimulate them by his own exertions. Gobat's experience in Abyssinia might be well summed up in the words of a still greater missionary, "In journeyings often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers, . . . in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, . . . in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often."

The one object of his life was to preach Christ and His glorious Gospel; and though he was not permitted to see all the result he desired, yet the firstfruits were doubtless the pledge of a more abundant harvest in time to come.

In 1833 he returned to Europe, and married Marie Zeller, whom he had known fourteen years before as an attractive little girl of six. She proved to him in every sense of the word a true helpmeet for forty-five years, and only survived him a few months. Thus enriched, Gobat went back to Abyssinia; but it is almost harrowing to trace the recital of the intense

sufferings of himself and his young wife from cholera, and insufferable fatigue in travelling, together with the illness and death of their firstborn child. They were obliged to return home; and after spending some months in visiting London, they went to Malta, where Gobat superintended the large translating and printing establishment of the Church Missionary Society. In 1841 their Committee requested him to go to Mount Lebanon, to ascertain whether an opening could be found for the establishment of a Christian mission among the Druses. By dint of courteous behaviour, he was able to introduce the study of the Holy Scriptures, with their consent, amongst their children.

"The tribe," he says, "is divided into two classes—the Akaals, or intelligent, and the Djahaals, or ignorant. The Akaals are polite and moderate; they neither smoke nor drink intoxicating liquors, and behave kindly to their wives." But their enmity against non-Druses led them to the commission of almost every crime. From want of funds no permanent result in regard to the founding of schools followed this journey.

The year 1846 was a memorable one to Gobat. The King of Prussia, through Bunsen, the Prussian ambassador, nominated him, greatly to his surprise,

to the Bishopric of Jerusalem. It was in this city, in his own house, built in Eastern style, that the writer had the pleasure of an introduction to him.

An unpretending, though withal an earnest and intellectual-looking man, with no ecclesiastical assumption, giving the impression of *being* rather than *seeming* to be,—such was the "S. Angl. Hierosol.," with which henceforth his numerous epistles were signed. His "Circular Letters," written for the most part annually, during three-and-thirty years, show his interest alike in Jew and Gentile; and his private correspondence embraces King Frederic William IV., the Archbishop of Canterbury, Baron Bunsen, the Emperor Theodore, etc.; while Queen Elizabeth of Prussia and Madame Gobat also exchanged friendly greetings with the pen.

The new bishop, by his previous varied experience of life and his catholic spirit, was especially adapted to exercise a winning yet telling influence over the different nationalties and creeds with which he was now brought into contact. He had come into no haven of rest, but rather into a tempestuous sea, restless with the strife of Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans. He endeavoured, with gentle firmness, to throw oil on the waters, and by employing evangelists or colporteurs amongst the different religious

factions, to introduce elements of reconciliation. Education was, of course, promoted and Bibles circulated. His unwearied activity for the good of others induced him constantly to take the position of a beggar for the multiplied objects of need in the fields around him. "I am really no bishop," he would say; "I am only a missionary." His friend, Dr. Rosen, writes of him: "Wherever Gobat went, he succeeded in making the light of pure evangelical doctrine shine through the darkness of ignorance and superstition. Under his refining influence the Jewish Mission at Jerusalem became transformed. Many an Arab Christian is at this day convinced of the truths of Scripturul doctrine, yet without breaking the bonds of his hereditary faith. The good seed once scattered abroad, neither storm nor frost could destroy it. It was Gobat's privilege to watch its gradual growth through a long course of years, until He whom he had served in such immovable trust called the octogenarian to Himself."

The celebration of the anniversary of his twenty-fifth year of office was marked by an autograph letter and gift from the Emperor William, and by an address in four languages presented by the whole united Protestant community. Pastor Weser, speaking of this occasion, says: "Notwithstanding many

bitter experiences, it has been the bishop's successful task to maintain a true Evangelical alliance among Protestants of all denominations, and of German, English, Arab, and Hebrew birth."

Yet, amidst the honours so well deserved, there came a great sorrow in the death of his eldest son, who left a widow and three young children. But the clouds of earth were soon to depart for ever. As was said of the patriarch Jacob, "the time drew near for him to die." After a last visit to Europe, during which, while in Switzerland, he had a forewarning of the end in a slight attack of apoplexy, he arrived once more at his home in Jerusalem on December 10th, 1878. On May 11th in the following year, having assured his son that the valley was "not dark," he opened his eyes on the land where "there is no more night," where "they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever."

[First] "the sowing and the reaping,
Working hard and working long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song."

CHAPTER VII.

LORD HADDO.

BROWNLOW NORTH.

CORNELIUS NEALE.

CHAPTER VII.

LORD HADDO, AFTERWARDS FIFTH EARL OF ABERDEEN.

"Steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."—1 *Cor.* xv. 58.

THE TURNING-POINT in the life of this Christian nobleman is a remarkable illustration of the truth that God effects great purposes through simple and most unlikely agencies. He was born in 1816, and as a child manifested the affectionate disposition and tender susceptibility which characterized his manhood, furnishing another instance of Wordsworth's immortal saying, "The child is father of the man." He made his mark in classical literature, taking his degree of M.A. at Cambridge in 1837; and after returning from a continental tour, he married the sister of the tenth Earl of Haddington, and received with his bride an enthusiastic welcome to Haddo House.

His favourite occupation was painting, and on one occasion, at least, he exhibited with conspicuous

success at the Royal Academy. Everything in life seemed to smile upon him. He enjoyed at that time robust health, delighting in "roughing it" in the Highlands, where his rank was little suspected; especially happy in his family relationships, and scattering blessings around with a liberal hand. Not only punctual in his religious observances, in reading the Bible and in prayer, but offering also to God the tribute of a thankful heart, he might well, with the young ruler of old, have queried, "What lack I yet?" The answer was near at hand, and it came with an emphasis which influenced all his after life. "Jesus beholding him, loved him," and was about to bring him into a nearer walk with Himself.

In 1847 Lord Haddo went with his family to Brighton, and entered more than usual into society. A little before this his mind had been seriously impressed by the very sudden death of his uncle, Sir Robert Gordon; and doubtless he was thus prepared in degree for the wonderful and almost instantaneous transformation, which he describes in the following words: "It was about seven o'clock in the evening [January, 1848] that I received such a deep impression of eternity that the effect has continued to the present day—and, by the blessing of God, will remain to my dying day. I had just dressed for

dinner, when the sight of the clothes which I had thrown off suddenly impressed me with the thought of dying—of undressing for the last time; of being unclothed of this body. . . . I felt the terrors of dying unprepared in a degree approaching to reality. In the bed I saw, not a place of nightly repose, but a place intended to receive the dying struggle. In short, the prospect of death was impressed on my imagination with overwhelming force; and not of death only, but of eternity, the day of judgment, an offended God, and the sentence to eternal torment. I felt the imperative necessity of preparing for death at any cost and any sacrifice. . . . Safety was all I aimed at, and I grasped at it with the feelings of a drowning man.

"When I went to dinner my poor wife saw from my expression that something had occurred; and when I began to speak she fairly thought that I had lost my senses, till, after a few days, she herself embraced the same sentiments. Some musicians came as usual, at this hour, before the house. Their tune seemed to me utter discord, and they were sent away in disgust. What madness, I thought, to be fiddling, when heaven and hell are immediately before us!"

If such language should seem exaggerated, let us

remember that it is only at rare intervals the veil which hides the future is, as it were, rent away by God's hand, and the soul sees things as they are.

Jane Taylor in her "World in the Heart," has well depicted such a crisis:—

"And yet, amid the hurry, toil, and strife,
The claims, the urgencies, the whirl of life,
The soul, perhaps in silence of the night,
Has flashes, transient intervals of light,
When things to come, beyond a shade of doubt,
In terrible reality, stand out.
Such lucid moments suddenly present
A flash of truth, as though the heavens were rent,
And through that chasm of pure, celestial light
The future breaks upon the startled sight;
Life's vain pursuits and Time's advancing pace
Appear, with deathbed clearness, face to face,
And Immortality's expanse sublime
In just proportion to the speck of Time,
While Death, uprising from the silent shades,
Shows his dark outline ere the vision fades;
In strong relief against the blazing sky
Appears the shadow as it passes by;
And though o'erwhelming to the dazzled brain,
These are the moments when the mind is sane,
For then, a hope of Heaven—the Saviour's cross,
Seem what they are, and all things else but loss."

It was after an experience like this that the question of his life's work presented itself solemnly to Lord Haddo, and "What wilt Thou have me to

do?" became the ever-recurring thought of his quickened soul to the end of his days.

Fresh from the view of death and eternity, nothing seemed of any importance but to work for Christ and he seriously contemplated giving up his rank and position, and retiring with his wife and children to a quiet life in a distant land, where he could be devoted to Gospel labour. Happily, the reflection of what was due to his aged father, the Earl of Aberdeen, prevented this step, which, had it been carried out, would too much have resembled the mistaken action of the hermits, who sought to flee from temptation, instead of overcoming it. With a great effort he began family worship, a practice to which he steadfastly adhered, even when much prostrated in body. It was his earnest desire that these occasions should be times of spiritual blessing, and he prepared for them by thoughtful study and fervent prayer. He also became a regular district-visitor in one of the worst streets in Brighton, spending from six to eight hours a day in going from house to house, on errands of mercy to body and soul. The Hospital for Sick Children, Model Lodging Houses, the erection of schools for the poor, and many other agencies for uplifting the people, had his hearty support, and it is an amusing as well as gratifying incident that the

inhabitants in the street to which his labours were chiefly devoted requested that its very name should be altered, in order that the associations with the past might be obliterated, and a new page in their history take its place.

"The former discreditable *Nottingham Street*," writes the then incumbent of the district, "rejoices in the name of *Spa Street*." And he adds, "It shows how much *one* earnest Christian can do for future generations, and how much good may spring forth from the day of small things."

Some one has said, "We do not know the luxury of giving till what we give costs self-denial."

It is easy to understand how, with Christians of limited means, the question between spending for self or for the cause of Christ should often recur, but not the less is this the case, though on a larger scale, with men who, like Lord Haddo, are striving to walk in the footsteps of their Lord and Master. "Sold all my pictures," is an entry in his journal at the time when he was exercising strict economy, and making personal sacrifices of no ordinary kind, to enable him to build a church in a destitute part of London. Gifted himself as a painter, it was like relinquishing personal friendships when his walls were stripped of time-honoured works of art; but the constraining love

of Christ had now become the dominant passion of his life, and work, true, earnest work for his Master, was the atmosphere in which he lived. It was in the midst of a career of active usefulness that the discipline of his Father's hand was gently laid upon him, and the last ten years of his life he spent, "as it were, constantly in sight of the grave," his illness, which was accelerated by an act of kindness to a poor woman in inclement weather, being one of wasting atrophy.

Although in the prime of his manhood, being only thirty-seven years of age when the first premonitory symptoms of the end appeared, he received with much calmness the doctor's opinion that it was not probable he would live through the spring.

"I thanked God," he writes, "that death had not come six years ago, before I underwent that sudden and entire change in my views and feelings, the effect of which has lasted ever since. I thought much of the many assurances that the blood of Christ cleanses from *all* sin. . . . If we are His disciples, and desirous of leaving all for His sake, we are perfectly safe. Peace and joy and happiness are before us. . . . Let us, then, take His yoke upon us, for, 'as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings,' so will He receive all who come to Him in a

spirit of meekness, humility, and grateful love." The haven of rest, though apparently near at hand, was not *so* near as then appeared probable. Two voyages up the Nile, at intervals of several years, were undertaken for his health; the first with unlooked-for benefit, the last with the opposite result. The news of the death of his father, which occurred while he was abroad, proved almost too much for his enfeebled frame, but though the expiring taper was burning low in its socket, the "ruling passion" of work for the Master quickened to an intenser glow as he realized that the time was short.

Mr. Lansing, who was connected with the American Presbyterian Mission at Cairo, accompanied the new Earl and his wife during part of their voyage, and thus writes: "The Earl of Aberdeen, though too weak to walk, [might be seen] riding through an Arab village, and selling Testaments to the astonished natives who crowded around him and his good lady, day after day, keeping our book-accounts, filling our colporteuring bags, selling penny tracts, and administering to the ailments and bodily wants of the little dirty, sore-eyed Arab boys, who crowded down to their boat." Such, be they titled or not, are Heaven's aristocracy. In this course of "ceaseless action," carried on from "the couch of sickness," we see the

triumph of the deathless energies of the soul over the "burden of the flesh," and hail it as a pledge of that immortal life won for us through a Saviour's death.

After his return from Egypt, Lord Aberdeen resided at Haddo House, the beautiful family mansion in the county whence his title was derived, inaugurating and helping on philanthropic work of varied character. He entered with special zest into the occupation of erecting cottages for the poor, and in less than three years he built fifty-six comfortable dwellings, planned with a careful regard to cheerfulness in the exterior and health in the arrangements. As a touching proof of his kind-hearted sympathy and thoughtfulness, it may here be mentioned that on the last day of his life he saw the surveyor who had drawn the plans for some new cottages, and charged him especially to take care that the attics were warm and dry, as *the children* would sleep there. The care with regard to unnecessary outlay on his own estate, which exposed him to some ungracious remarks, arose from the high sense of his responsibility as a steward. He used to say, "We ought to ask ourselves, not how much we *must give*, but how much we *must keep:* thinking how we can deny ourselves and how many things we can do without; and then,

after providing for really necessary expenses, give away the rest."

The last foreign journey undertaken by Lord Aberdeen was a visit to Madrid, the result of a spontaneous offer on his part to join a deputation, having for its object the endeavour to procure from the Queen of Spain a mitigation of the sentence of nine years penal servitude passed upon Manuel Motamosos, simply on account of his efforts to spread the Gospel of Christ in that benighted land.

Although the Earl found on his arrival that the object had already been accomplished, yet it was a satisfaction to him to have done what he could in a matter which had stirred the depths of his soul so forcibly that physical weakness could interpose no barrier to his exertions on behalf of the victim of intolerance.

But the end was drawing near, and the life so full of blessing to others was to lay aside the shackles of mortality, and put on its "beautiful garments" in that land, "none of whose inhabitants say, 'I am sick.'" Patience had had its "perfect work," and though the peculiar nature of his disease was one tending to produce nervous irritation, it is said that, "for the last three years of his life a hasty or impatient word scarcely ever passed his lips; or if it

did, was instantly followed by ample acknowledgment and reparation." His gentleness and humility were very remarkable. "*I don't want to have my own way*," he would say. Thoughtfulness for others and disregard of his own convenience were also striking traits. Almost to the last he sent kindly messages and gifts to the poor and suffering, and even on the Saturday before his death, when he could not sit up in bed, he continued the course of lessons which he had been accustomed to give to one of the men-servants. The prospect of death had long been so familiar to him that no unwonted preparation was needed. He had set his house in order, and all that remained for him to do was to die.

The inscription on one of the catacombs in Rome, where lie the remains of the martyred Christians, might well apply to him: "Mens conscia Christi, nescia mortis." We may be allowed to quote a few closing particulars respecting her beloved husband from the diary of Lady Aberdeen:—

"About twelve o'clock (on his last Sabbath) he expressed his wish to be left alone for private prayer, saying, as I left the room, 'May God Almighty bless us all with His precious promises!' . . . He repeated to himself once or twice, 'Free grace! free grace!' . . . [A little before the end] he composed

himself as if to sleep, saying that he 'felt perfectly comfortable.' These were his last words. . . . The countenance expressed perfect peace, and there was a heavenly calm on his brow, which looked smooth and white as marble, all the lines traced on it by years of suffering being effaced for ever. He lay quite motionless. And at length, without a pang, without even the slightest movement, the gentle breathing ceased, and he was for ever with the Lord.

"Thus was fulfilled to him what he had long before remarked on as a wonderful expression of happy assurance by David, in the twenty-third Psalm—not merely, I shall *feel* no evil, but, 'I shall *fear* no evil.'"

"Lo, He beckons from on high,
Fearless to His presence fly,
Thine the merit of His blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering o'er thy pillow bend,
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee safe to heaven."

BROWNLOW NORTH.

"I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears."
—*Acts* xx. 31.

"FROM darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." These words fitly describe the TURNING-POINT in the life of this remarkable evangelist.

Astrologers might have said that he had been born under a propitious star, both with regard to his prospects for this world and the next; for his father was a clergyman of aristocratic lineage, and for a time the baby-boy, who was welcomed into life at Winchester House, Chelsea, on the 6th of January, 1810, was looked upon as the future Earl of Guildford.

But God had higher destinies for him than an Earldom, and no soothsayer could have predicted the unfolding of that life which was to be a blessing throughout eternity to countless multitudes of his fellow-men.

Brownlow was a high-spirited and wayward boy, doing little credit to his tutors at Eton; and for

many a long year the earnest prayers of his Christian mother seemed to obtain no answer.

Reckless and dissipated in his early manhood, he found an outlet to the restless energy of his character in betting, gaming, and shooting, living "without God in the world." Cut off by unforeseen circumstances from the expectations of high position and affluence, with the responsibilities of a husband and father resting on him, his condition was indeed pitiable, for the prospect of earthly glory had faded, and the Sun of righteousness had not arisen on his soul. Still some beams of heavenly light struggled from time to time to pierce through the darkness; scripture truths planted in his infant mind by his gentle mother were not forgotten, and the strivings of the Holy Spirit had not ceased to be felt within him. The seed of the kingdom, sown in his heart, though dormant, was not dead, but "the time of fruit was not yet."

Now and then an awakening seemed at hand. The Duchess of Gordon, well known as an eminently devoted Christian, relates that on one occasion, while sitting beside her at dinner, he suddenly said to her with great seriousness, "Duchess, what shall a man do who has often prayed to God and never been answered?" "I lifted up my heart to God,"

she continues, "to teach me what to say. I looked him quietly in the face, and said, 'Ye ask, and receive not, that ye may consume it upon your lusts.' His countenance changed, he became very greatly moved, and thanked me ere he left."

The illness of a son and other softening influences made a temporary impression, and led to a moral reform. He even studied at Oxford and took his degree, with the intention of entering the Church, but his heart remained unconverted. Alluding afterwards to this time, he said that although he had a horrible sense of his sins and of the wrath of God due to them, he never apprehended Christ, nor accepted Him as his sinbearer or righteousness.

As this was the case, we are not surprised to find that he returned openly before long "to his old life of pleasure and of sin," forgetting God, and wishing God would forget him. With his eyes open to the consequences, he deliberately chose sin rather than God. Thus he lived till he was nearly forty-five years of age.

We come now to the crisis in his life, a crisis so solemn, and involving to himself and others such momentous results that we approach it with feelings of hallowed awe. It shall be given in his own words, addressed to the students of Edinburgh University in

1862. "It pleased God," he said, "in the month of November, 1854, one night when I was sitting playing cards, to make me concerned about my soul. The instrument used was a sensation of sudden illness, which led me think that I was going to die. I said to my son, 'I am a dead man; take me upstairs.' As soon as this was done I threw myself down upon the bed. My first thought then was, Now what will my forty-four years of following the devices of my own heart profit me? In a few minutes I shall be in hell, and what good will all these things do me, for which I have sold my soul? At that moment I felt constrained to pray, but it was merely the prayer of the coward—a cry for mercy. I was not sorry for what I had done, but I was afraid of the punishment of my sin. And yet still there was something trying to prevent me putting myself on my knees to call for mercy, and that was the presence of the maid-servant in the room, lighting my fire. Though I did not believe at that time that I had ten minutes to live, and knew that there was no possible hope for me but in the mercy of God, and that if I did not seek that mercy I could not expect to have it, yet such was the nature of my heart . . . that it was a balance within me, a thing to turn this way or that, I could not tell

how, whether I should wait till that woman left the room, or whether I should fall on my knees and cry for mercy in her presence. By the grace of God I did put myself on my knees before that girl, and I believe it was the turning-point with me. I believe that if I had at that time resisted the Holy Ghost—of course, I cannot say, for who shall limit the Holy Ghost?—but my belief is that it would have been once too often. By God's grace I was not prevented. I did pray; and though I am not what I should be, yet I am this day what I am, which, at least, is not what I was. I mention this because I believe every man has in his life his turning-point. I believe that the sin against the Holy Ghost is grieving the Spirit once too often."

The change here so circumstantially related was decisive in its results. From that day Brownlow North was "a new man in Christ Jesus." There was no excitement, no ebullition of feeling, but his stand was taken for the remainder of his life, and he wrote at once to tell his friends of the event. The little leaven leavened the whole lump. He had been an inveterate smoker since he was twelve years of age, but from that memorable time he presented his body as well as his soul for cleansing, and "never again touched the weed." Family worship was at

once established, in which, as the master of the house, he took the lead, "as if it had been the habit of his life."

But the furnace had yet to be heated seven times more than its wont, that the work of the Spirit might be tested and be found to abide. Some of his old companions thought him "mad," and Christian people doubted his sincerity.

Unmoved by friends or foes, he kept the even tenor of his way, acknowledging his continual dependence on the grace of God by the often-repeated words, "*I am kept.*" Yet harder to endure than the "strife of tongues" was the deep spiritual conflict in his own soul, for the prince of darkness, so well figured in Bunyan's Apollyon, was "loth to lose his man." As Christian in the Valley of the Shadow of Death was assailed by blasphemous thoughts, the origin of which he failed at first to recognise, so he, who was to be a mighty instrument in God's hands for saving souls, was cruelly taunted by the great enemy, at the early period of his conversion, with the suggestion which seemed to be forced upon him, "There is no God."

His only refuge was in the emphatic reply, "GOD IS; *there is a God.*" Then the arch-tempter "spread his dragon wings and fled." Foiled in this attempt,

the unwearied adversary tried at another time to plunge him into despair, as the thought of his past sins returned like a tempest ready to overwhelm him. He clung like a dying man to his sheet-anchor—"Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." But his final deliverance from condemnation came one night when in anguish of spirit he had risen to read his Bible. The message of deliverance to the captive, proclaimed in the third chapter of Romans, 20th and subsequent verses, was a key that unlocked his prison-door, and he went out rejoicing in the free gift of God, and eager to hand on the glad news of salvation to the chief of sinners. From that day forth his call to be an evangelist was indisputable. The words addressed by the Apostle Paul in his memorable leave-taking to the representatives of the Church at Ephesus might have fittingly described his ministry: "Ye know . . . after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears, and temptations . . and how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have showed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house, [preaching] . . . repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. . . . Neither count I my life dear

unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." He might also, in all sincerity, have added: "I am pure from the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God."

It has been our object to dwell chiefly on the turning-point in the life of this dauntless labourer in the harvest-field, and we can only glance rapidly at the "results" of his work. Beginning with the distribution of a few tracts, and with cottage visits to the sick and dying, his words carried with them so much of the power of the Spirit that, like his Divine Master, he could not be hid, and almost unawares he found himself, by invitation, holding cottage meetings every evening of the week. Calls to preach came upon him from all sides.

"Don't think," he said, "that I am intruding into the office of the holy ministry. . . . I'll tell you what I am. I am a man who has been at the brink of the bottomless pit and has looked in, and as I see many of you going down to that pit, I am here to 'hollo' you back and warn you of your danger. I am here, also, as the chief of sinners, saved by grace, to tell you that the grace which has saved me can surely save you."

"Instant in season and out of season," dealing personally with individuals and addressing crowded audiences, he seemed ever anxious to redeem the time, and to "occupy" the remainder of life with double energy, while deploring the worse than fruitless years of the past.

But the over-tension was too much for his bodily frame, and that gracious Lord who called His disciples to come apart with Him that they might rest awhile, led him, by means of an accident and of illness, into a solitary place, to recruit not only his bodily health, but his spiritual life.

From this rest he emerged like a giant refreshed with sleep. He laboured chiefly in Scotland, and the seals of his ministry there were so abundant that a strong desire was felt for his official recognition as an evangelist. The General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland gave him a cordial welcome in that capacity in 1859, and from that time till his death, in 1875, he worked on with untiring energy. The absolute necessity of the new birth, and the tremendous consequences of rejecting Christ and doing despite to the Spirit of grace, formed the subjects of his earnest appeals. Let us take a few sentences as illustrations of these and other points of his teaching.

"You *must* live for ever! I can tell you to a minute how long your life is to be: it is to be as long as the life of God." "No man can ever know anything of God or of the things of God unless they are revealed to him by God's Spirit. Pray for the Spirit. He is promised to all that ask. If Paul had not received the Spirit of God, he could have known nothing." "No man can know my secrets unless I please to reveal them; so no man can know the things of God but by the teachings of the Holy Spirit."

"Even earthly wisdom might discover that unless a man has thoroughly changed heaven could be no heaven to him. We must have a complete new set of affections and desires, a *new heart* in short, before we can enter into the kingdom of heaven."

"If we could have God to hear us, we must be honest with Him, and confess our sins of thought, word, and deed honestly; and if we do this, trusting to the atonement made by Jesus, we may say, 'Thou heardest me,' for God has promised to hear, and we must believe He does, whether we feel it or not." "The proof that any one has received the Holy Spirit is not a sensation, but power over the enemy."

One "striking feature of his ministry was that he addressed the consciences of his hearers, spoke

of sin in plain terms, and insisted upon *repentance toward God* as equally needful to an entrance into the kingdom with faith in the Lord Jesus."

The great object of his life was not to be a popular preacher, but to win souls. "You must feel it a great responsibility to address so many thousands," was a remark once made to him. "I feel it a great responsibility," was his reply, "to address half a dozen people."

In the religious revival in Ireland, of 1859, Brownlow North took a conspicuous part, addressing on one occasion between 4,000 and 5,000 people, and in an open-air service about 12,000 at once. Nor were his efforts for the conversion of souls confined to the tongue: his pen was also used for the glory of God, and instances are not few of a marked blessing resulting from his tracts. But we must hasten to the end.

Two-thirds of his life had been spent in dissipation and enmity to God; the remainder had been consecrated, with heart and soul and strength, to the best of masters. The intense energy with which he devoted himself to this joyful service exhausted his frame, and at the age of sixty-five, with but little previous warning, he lay down to die.

From his friend, Mr. Balfour, we have a few gleanings from his bedside.

He looked at me and said very softly, 'Jesus came to me and said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and up to this time He never has.' On the passage being repeated, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin,' 'That,' he said, 'is the verse on which I am now dying. One wants no more.' 'Have you peace?' he was asked. '*Perfect peace*,' he replied, with emphasis."

In Dean Cemetery, Glasgow, a grey granite monument is erected to his memory, and beneath the name and date is the simple record, "At the age of forty-four years he was turned from an ungodly life to serve the Lord; thereafter he preached the Gospel with singular power, and was greatly honoured in winning souls to Jesus."

Of him it might truly be said, "Death is merely ascending from a lower and narrower chamber to one higher and holier."

> "Is that a deathbed where a Christian lies?
> Yes; but not *his*. 'Tis Death itself there dies."

CORNELIUS NEALE.

"Being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit into holiness, and the end everlasting life."—*Rom.* vi. 22.

IF godliness, like outward possessions, could be transmitted from parents to children, there would have been no need of a TURNING-POINT in the subject of this sketch, for he had a goodly inheritance in the earnest piety of both his father and mother.

But the solemn words of our Lord are without exception: "*Ye must be born again.*"

Of his childhood very little is recorded. In his college life in Cambridge, on which he appears to have entered in 1808, when about nineteen years of age, he distinguished himself in mathematics, turning for recreation to his favourite studies in poetry and elegant literature. He took a keen delight in the beautiful, and during his summer holidays he made several excursions to the lakes, and in Wales, occupying his leisure hours at home in the study of history, metaphysics, and chemistry. In 1816 he married the daughter of the well-known John Mason

Good, M.D. His biographer says of him: "It is impossible to conceive a person more remarkably attached and adapted to the quiet and affectionate endearments of home, or one more exquisitely formed to relish and impart married happiness."

With a natural disposition so calculated to make life "one summer's day," especially when shared with one of congenial mind and lighted up with the bliss of fatherhood, the cup of outward blessing seemed full to overflowing; but deep down below the surface there was a lack which could be supplied at no earthly fountain, an "empty void" which nothing but the love of God in Christ Jesus could fill. His devoted wife saw with increasing distress that the distance between God and his soul was rapidly becoming wider and wider, and that he was admitting doubts respecting the validity of prayer, and on other important points. It was the darkness of the midnight which preceded the dawn. On the very day after the conversation which betrayed the unsatisfactory state of his mind he was seized with hemorrhage, which terrified him, though to his medical attendant it seemed of no consequence. Doubtless to ward off serious thought, he sent for the latest novel of Sir Walter Scott. What passed afterwards shall be given in the words of his widow.

"On entering the room suddenly and unexpectedly, words cannot express the surprise that seized me at the change so suddenly depicted in my husband's countenance: from fear and agitation, to marked sorrow, but comparative placidity, and, as I thought, mental prayer. The first object which drew my notice, . . . at the farthest extremity of a large drawing-room, was the very novel I had left him reading, lying half-open; as it had evidently been thrown there with considerable force, and by some one in great agitation." It appears, as he told his wife during his last illness, that, fearing his sickness to be of the same nature as that of a brother who had died before him, he determined to put away thought, and endeavoured, with this view, to get interested in the subject before him; that he read the beginning, but in vain, and found himself looking at the end blank-leaf, when suddenly a strong impression came across his mind, as forcibly as if a voice were speaking to him, "There is mercy yet!" reiterating the expression; so that he could, as it were, see or hear nothing else. With unutterable indignation against himself for thus trifling, and unspeakable joy to feel persuaded of the truth of the suggestion, and that it was indeed sent in mercy, he threw the book as far from him as possible, and

could only, with thankfulness, determine to accept the offer of mercy. And from this moment, *to* and *through* his dying hour, no doubt that he was one whom this mercy had accepted ever really or at *all abidingly* disturbed his mind.

It is remarkable that when a lad of about fifteen or sixteen he had felt seriously alarmed about his soul. For days and weeks his anguish was extreme, but at last he came, to use his own words, to the awful conclusion, "to live as I list, and to die as I could." Marvellous indeed was the mercy which again visited him; but who shall say whether, if he had then resisted it, the day of God's grace would have been further lengthened out? Solemn indeed are the consequences to those who "grieve the Spirit of God!"

We return to the scene so graphically related by his wife. "I found my husband," she continues, "lying on the sofa, in deep thought, but more calm. On inquiring if any fresh circumstances had occurred to cause uneasiness, he replied in a whisper, 'No; but bring me the slate: I have a great deal I wish to tell you.' During the night the hemorrhage returned with increasing violence. . . . Early in the morning the servant came to tell me she was sure her master was very ill; though he had not sent for me

or spoken. . . . On reaching his bedside, before I had time to make inquiry, he said, 'Oh, how good is God! how very good! I have been praying!' And on my expressing a fear that he had had little sleep, he answered, 'I have not closed my eyes; but oh, how good is God!' Under this feeling he seemed almost overwhelmed. A peace and holy breathing of soul were manifestly visible in the whole countenance, and the life of God shone forth in it. . . . 'I know I am in danger,' he said; 'I am not afraid of death. If it please God, I should be glad to recover; but pray earnestly that I may never recover from this illness if I am to depart from Him and to live the life I have been living. Oh, how good is God!'"

From this serious attack he gradually recovered, and his first effort was to address letters to one or two of his oldest friends, mentioning the change that had taken place, and lamenting the prayerless state in which he had formerly lived. Although there was great calmness in his expressions, it is evident that the "bitterness and intensity" of his feelings in the retrospect of the past was burning in his soul. "I had influence—great influence," he exclaimed, in reference to his college life, "but abused it, wasted it! Oh, what I might have done!" And then he broke out again in admiration of the goodness of God.

When sufficiently restored he commenced family prayer, and united with it exposition of the Scriptures, for which his unusual knowledge of the Bible and his late remarkable experience peculiarly fitted him.

With returning health his deep views of the *exceeding sinfulness of sin*, and of the practical atheism in which, notwithstanding the apparent attractiveness of his character, he had lived, seemed to increase rather than diminish.

The following lines, found after his death, contain a record of his feelings.

"And Thou dost still forgive!
My God what grace is this!
Dost bid the pardoned rebel live,
And look towards Thee and bliss!

* * * * *

Grace that not hears alone
The humble suppliant's cry,
But seeks the rebel, hard as stone,
And will not let him die.

Go on, my gracious Lord,
Thy great designs fulfil,
Work with Thy Spirit and Thy word,
And mould me to Thy will."

Having been "forgiven much," he "loved much," and as a necessary consequence he obeyed the in-

junction, "Let him that heareth say, Come." His one desire was to preach Christ, and before being ordained as a clergyman he invited the poor people in the neighbourhood to join the family service on the Sunday. From sixty to a hundred sometimes attended, and on his quitting the place this simple beginning led, by the wish of the people, to the erection of the present episcopal chapel at Southend.

Let none despise the day of small things, for God is able to "multiply the seed sown, and increase the fruits of righteousness."

The apostolic precept to "remember the poor" he had carried out in visits to the homes of the sick and needy, and it was whilst thus engaged during his pastorate, entering damp cottages in the winter time on his mission of mercy, that he experienced a return of the disorder which proved the chariot to convey him home.

This illness commenced in 1823.

In a letter referring to his state of health, he writes: "If it please God to raise me up again, I trust it will be to be faithful to Him; if not, I can truly say, 'Welcome sickness, welcome death, rather than to be unfaithful!'" His love for the Bible and his longing for communion with God were very marked features. "That those who know nothing of God

should wish for society I cannot wonder," he remarked; "but that I, who have known something of the blessedness of communion with Him, should bear to lose an opportunity for knowing more, and prefer for a moment any other pleasure, is astonishing."

"I have been taught more these last two months," he said on another occasion, "than I have learned all the three years before."

He was very earnest that family prayer should be conducted in a right spirit. "Depend upon it," he would say, "there is just so much religion in a family as there is of seriousness and reality in family prayer. Oh, live near to God; make much of family prayer; be punctual in the time of it; do not let it be a *form;* pray always for a blessing on it. Read the Bible—*read it much;* do not let little portions satisfy you. Oh, that I had read it more!" A "cut and dried" phraseology, when discoursing on religious subjects, and unmeaning quotations of Scripture, too common with some persons, were utterly distasteful to him; and, in alluding to this habit in connection with his children, he said earnestly, "Oh, do keep them from a *talking religion!* May God keep them from it!"

The refinement of his character and his love of the

beautiful survived till the last, and was evinced by his ardent love for flowers. Two nosegays were always near him—one of garden flowers, and the other of wild ones, chiefly composed of dog-roses: these he preferred. Even in these simple enjoyments he thought of the destitute and needy, and calculated whether his wife's skill in arranging bouquets could be turned to account for the poor London flower-women.

Referring on one occasion to his previous illness, he said, "Three years ago, when I was taken ill, I sent for a novel." He then spoke of the mischief of levity, and said he could not endure it. Frequently he would stop and say most solemnly, "I do not speak this as a dying man; it is what I have long thought."

For some time before his death it was his practice every night to commend his soul to his Saviour in the words of the dying martyr, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

After a night, shortly before the end, of very severe suffering, his mother-in-law said to him, "You have had a long and tedious night." "I shall have a long and glorious day," was his glad reply. To his wife, who was endeavouring to close his eyes, he said, "I was but looking into heaven." He had had all

through life a fear of dying, but over this natural shrinking, incident to our common humanity, he was made "more than conqueror through Him who loved him."

We quote the particulars of the last scene from his wife's pen, to which we have been indebted for many of the foregoing particulars.

"About half an hour before death he breathed into my ear in a whisper which others observed rather than heard, but to me it was a most penetrating sound: 'The fear of death is quite taken away.' Shortly after he made a sign to be laid upon the pillow; the struggles of death were over, and at five o'clock in the afternoon of August 8th, 1823, literally falling asleep, so he breathed out his departing spirit, which thus winged its flight from earth to heaven, to be for ever with the Lord. There wanted just four days of completing his thirty-fourth year."

"Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that has no ending,
The tearless life, is there!"

CHAPTER VIII.

ETIENNE DE GRELLET.

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ETIENNE DE GRELLET.

"We are ambassadors for Christ."—2 *Cor.* v. 20.

SINCE the days of the Apostle Paul there has perhaps been no more memorable instance of a TURNING-POINT in a man's life, with its subsequent results, than that which occurred in the case of Etienne de Grellet, known more commonly as Stephen Grellet. Born in 1773, of Roman Catholic parents, who ranked high amongst the French nobility, his early childhood was passed in the midst of wealth and luxury.

Yet, while only a little boy of five or six years old, the God who spoke to Samuel spoke to his infant heart. He tells us that, having a hard Latin exercise, beyond his power to master, he felt quite discouraged; but looking alone from his room on the glories of creation, the thought occurred to him, "Cannot the same God who created all these wonders give me memory too?" He knelt down at the foot of his bed and poured out his difficulty, receiving immediately the power he needed. The opening

words of our Lord's prayer, "*Our Father*, which art in heaven," touched his young heart; but he had none at home to water the good seed, and though from time to time during his residence at college his religious impressions were renewed, it was for a time like the seed sown by the wayside, which was devoured by the fowls of the air. "I soon lost my religious convictions," he writes, "after I had returned to my father's house. I sought after happiness in the world's delight. I expected to find it. I went in pursuit of it from one party of pleasure to another; but I did *not* find it, and I wondered that the name of pleasure could be given to anything of the kind." The truth was, that the Holy Spirit had revealed truths to his soul which, though "trodden under foot," could never be crushed out. He had taught him, even when seeking absolution at the hands of a man, that "none can forgive sins but God al[illegible]" He had shown him that unless he was "wash[illegible] made white by the washing of regeneration [illegible] have no part in the dear Son of God." An[illegible] "I had never heard of such things b[illegible] I greatly wondered that, having been b[illegible] water, and having also received what [illegible] sacrament of confirmation, I shoul[illegible] through such a purification; for I [illegible]

heard any one speak of such a baptism. . . . At a very early age I learnt that neither priests nor bishops could do the work for me."

But the great change had not yet passed over Grellet, and a time of thick darkness, politically in the land, and also in his own soul, was to intervene before the light overspread his horizon, "as a morning without cloud."

Before he was sixteen the stormy period of the French Revolution set in. Etienne and his brothers joined the Royalist party, to which they were allied, if not by blood, yet by friendship and position.

They met the French princes at Coblentz, which was then the *rendezvous* of the nobility. Recurring to this time, he says: "I shudder when I remember the state of insensibility I was in. I was not the least moved when surrounded by people and soldiers who lavished their abuses upon us and threatened to hang me to the lamp-post. I coolly stood by, my hands in my pockets, being provided with three pairs of pistols, two of which were double-barrelled. I concluded to wait to see what they would do, and resolved, after destroying as many of them as I could, to take my own life with the last. No thought of eternity was then before me—no sense or remembrance that there is a God!"

Etienne was in the king's horse-guards, and was present in many engagements; but being in a reserve corps, he was never called out to actual fight, a circumstance which he afterwards regarded with especial thankfulness to Him whom he had learnt to know as the Prince of peace. At one time he and his brothers were made prisoners of war, and momentarily expected to be shot; but some sudden commotion in the hostile army gave them the opportunity to escape, and they fled to Holland, and subsequently two of them—Etienne and Joseph—went to Demerara.

It might almost be said that he had left one infidel land for another, for he says: "I do not recollect, during the whole time I was there, that I saw anything in any one that indicated a feeling of religious sensibility. There was no place of worship, no priest of any kind, except one who had been there a few years, who was a dissolute, drunken man. It was of the Lord's mercy that I and the whole land were not destroyed like Sodom and Gomorrah. At that time the prince of the power of the air, who rules in the hearts of the children of disobedience, had obtained such a victory over me that I had become one of the number of those infatuated ones who call good evil and evil good, darkness light and light darkness, to

so daring a pitch as to say, There is no God! I had become a complete disciple of Voltaire and of writers of that class."

After a stay of two years in this demoralized city, Etienne and his brother, in consequence of a report of threatened danger, hastily took passage for New York, and after a voyage of imminent peril, reached their destination safely.

From thence they went to Newtown, in Long Island, where they became acquainted with Colonel Corsa, at whose house Etienne found the life of William Penn, of whom he had before heard as a philosopher and statesman. Wishing to become further acquainted with his character, he applied himself studiously to read the book with the aid of a dictionary, but not appreciating its religious tone, being himself at that time an acknowledged unbeliever, he soon laid it aside.

At the verge of the turning-point in the young Frenchman's career, which took place soon after, when he was about twenty-two years of age, we pause, as if treading on hallowed ground. The words of the great apostle, to whom reference has before been made, fitly describe his experience: "God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light

of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." We will give the memorable account of his conversion, with some abbreviation, in his own words.

"One evening, as I was walking in the fields alone, not being in the least excited by anything I had heard or thought of, I was suddenly arrested by what seemed to be an awful voice proclaiming the words, 'Eternity! Eternity! Eternity!'

"It reached my very soul—my whole man shook—it brought me like Saul to the ground. The great depravity and sinfulness of my heart were set open before me, and the gulf of everlasting destruction to which I was verging. I was made bitterly to cry out, 'If there is no God, doubtless there is a hell!' I found myself as in the midst of it. For a long time it seemed as if the thundering proclamation were yet heard.

"After that I remained almost whole days and nights exercised in prayer that the Lord would have mercy upon me, expecting that He would give me some evidence that He heard my supplication. But for this I was looking to some outward manifestation, my expectation being entirely of that nature. . . . I now withdrew from company, and spent most of my time in retirement and in silent waiting upon

God. I began to read the Bible, with the aid of my dictionary, for I had none then in French. I was much of a stranger to the inspired records. I had not even seen them before that I remember. What I had heard of any part of their contents was only detached portions in Prayer-books." Stephen Grellet (for he went by that name in English-speaking countries) then relates how he was brought into contact with some female ministers of the Society of Friends, through whose instrumentality the serious impression made upon his heart was deepened. He says: "I was like Lydia—my heart was opened: I felt the power of Him who had the key of David. Oh, what sweetness did I then feel! It was indeed a memorable day. I was like one introduced into a new world: the creation and all things around me bore a different aspect—my heart glowed with love to all. . . . I have been as one plucked from the burning—rescued from the brink of a horrible pit. Oh, how can the extent of the Lord's love, mercy, pity, and compassion be fathomed!"

From that time, though encountering great difficulties, he began to attend the meetings of "Friends," and subsequently, after deep and mature consideration and much prayer for Divine guidance, he sought and obtained admission into membership with the Society.

Describing his early experiences in the silence of one of their meetings, before having publicly joined them, he writes: "Very soon after sitting down great was the awfulness and the reverence that came over me. It was succeeded by such a view and sense of my sinful life that I was like one crushed under the millstones. My misery was great; my cry was not unlike that of Isaiah, '*Woe is me, for I am undone!*' The nearer I was then favoured to approach to Him who dwelleth in the light the more I saw my uncleanness and my wretchedness. But how can I set forth the fulness of heavenly joy that filled me when the hope was again raised that there was One, even He whom I had pierced, Jesus Christ the Redeemer, that was able to save me? I saw Him to be the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world; who was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification; who is our propitiatory sacrifice, our advocate with the Father, our intercessor with God. I felt faith in His atoning blood quickening my soul, giving me to believe that it was He who could wash me from my many pollutions, and deliver me from death and destruction, which I felt to be my just desert for my many sins and transgressions.

"On my earnest petition being put to Him, the language was proclaimed: 'Thy sins are forgiven, thy

iniquities are pardoned.' Floods of tears of joy and gratitude gave vent to the fulness of my heart! Then I thought I heard a sweet language saying, 'Proclaim unto others what the Lord hath done for thy soul.'"

The commission from his Divine Master thus early given him was destined to be largely carried out. Besides varied labours in the Gospel in his adopted land of America, he four times visited Europe as an embassador for Christ, having important interviews with kings and princes, and others in authority, on subjects affecting the religious, moral, and physical welfare of the people they governed. His heart responded towards all sects and denominations, and embraced the lowest as well as the highest in universal love.

Having been forgiven much, he loved much, and was willing both to spend and be spent in the harvest-field of his Lord. Reviewing some of his labours, he writes to a friend: "The fields I have visited are white unto harvest, so that sometimes I have wished that I might have the life of Methuselah, or that the sun might never go down, that I might do my share of that great work which is to be done in these nations."

From the time in which he was publicly recognised as a minister of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ

he continued to labour diligently for more than fifty years in that blessed service, engaging, during some intervals of leisure, "in a small way of business, to make provision for his family, and also," as he says, "to obtain, through the Divine blessing on his endeavours, the needful supplies to defray the expenses of travelling in the service of the Gospel." The means of doing this would, in accordance with the order established in the Society, have been willingly furnished by his friends, but, like the Apostle Paul, he sought to make the Gospel "without charge, so as not to use to the full (his) right in the Gospel." (1 Cor. ix. 18, R.V.)

Before entering at all into detail of the labours of half a century, we might mention in brief the European countries visited, without stopping to enumerate his repeated and long journeys in the United States. These comprised, beside the British Isles, Germany, France, Norway and Sweden, Russia, Turkey, the Islands of the Archipelago, Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, Holland, etc.

Nor was his work in these lands of a passing character; it often led to a protracted stay and to a repetition of the visit, and involved a serious amount of correspondence with influential personages. He

was exposed to many dangers by sea and land, and had thankfully to recount great and wonderful deliverances. As the Israelites of old, whether resting or journeying, were led by the pillar of the cloud, so did Grellet depend upon the guidance of the Lord's Holy Spirit in its restraining and constraining power. But we will return to the time immediately succeeding his conversion, in order to trace more accurately the course of events. His love for souls, which was afterwards to overflow in so many channels, showed itself first in a very simple manner, in the distribution of Testaments and religious books amongst the poor people living by the shore of New Jersey, etc., and afterwards in visiting the sick and dying during the awful visitation of the yellow fever, which occurred in 1798. He had a premonition that he should himself be attacked by it, which proved to be the case, and he was brought so low that his coffin was ordered, and his death reported to the board of health as "a French Quaker." When, however, he seemed at the very point of death, "feeling already as encircled by the angelic host in the heavenly Presence, a secret, but powerful language," he says, "was proclaimed on this wise: 'Thou shalt not die, but live; thy work is not yet done.' Then the corners of the earth, over seas and lands, were opened

to me, where I should have to labour in the service of the Gospel of Christ." From that time he began to recover, and soon, though still very weak, resumed his devoted attendance on those who were ill.

In the spring of 1807, believing the Lord called him to Gospel work in Europe, having settled his outward affairs, he left his beloved wife, who freely gave him up to serve his Divine Master, and entered upon the first of his four missionary journeys to this continent. The vessel narrowly escaped being taken by pirates, but he landed safely at Marseilles, and way was remarkably made for him to preach in his native land "the love of God through Christ" to multitudes of the people, high and low, rich and poor. During this journey he met again with his aged widowed mother, after a separation of seventeen years. His father, who had been imprisoned for two years during the Revolution, had previously died after a short illness. During Stephen Grellet's stay in London he had meetings with the lowest and most depraved classes of society, thieves, pickpockets, etc. The power of the Lord was felt over these assemblies, and the people wept abundantly. A remarkable visit to Newgate led to the subsequent labours of Elizabeth Fry on behalf of these sadly neglected outcasts of society. Though the continent

of Europe was then (1813) in a very unsettled state, owing to the wars of Napoleon, aud much danger as well as serious inconvenience was inseparable from travelling, this devoted servant of his Lord did not hesitate to proceed on his journey through France, Italy, and Switzerland, to proclaim the good tidings of "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." He bore the marks of spiritual kinship with the great apostles of the Gentiles, participating in similar afflictions and consolations to those portrayed in the sixth and eleventh chapters of the second Epistle to the Corinthians, and, sorely distressed as he was by the miseries which resulted from the battle-field, he loved to proclaim, alike amongst Protestants and Roman Catholics, the Saviour as the great Comforter of the afflicted. On one occasion, whilst holding a meeting at Nismes, two police officers, who had been sent to apprehend him, came in and sat down, but were so impressed by what they heard and by the power accompanying it that they came with tears in their eyes to shake hands with him, like the rest of the people. One of them, the lieutenant, explained, with many apologies and regrets, his unpleasant errand, but was encouraged by Grellet to do his duty.

Being questioned by the prefect as to the nature

of the meetings to which the people were flocking, the officer gave an account of it, ending with the words, "I have never heard any one speak in such a manner before; the whole assembly was melted into tears." No further steps to detain him were taken, and thus he was mercifully permitted to escape the walls of a prison.

At Munich he had a religious interview with the King of Bavaria and the Crown Prince, pleading with the first for liberty of conscience amongst his subjects. He was most kindly received by both the king and his son, the latter expressing with tears his anxiety for the salvation of his soul. Grellet also paid visits to several of the Court princesses in Germany, finding an open door amongst them for Gospel service. His native politeness and education, as a Frenchman at home in high circles, doubtless made his way easier, but he never swerved from his character as an ambassador for Christ, willing, if need be, to suffer shame for His sake. Travelling, as a messenger of the Gospel of peace, through the fields of war, his compassionate heart was filled with sorrow for the sufferings which resulted from this bloody carnage. "Who that has seen the horrors of war," he writes, "with its accompanying cruelties and vices, can plead for it? Or who that has only heard

of the wickedness and misery that attends but must bitterly deplore it? From my observations, I may say that the sight of the bloody field of battle conveys but one part, and perhaps the smallest part, of the woes that attend this horrible scourge."

On his return to England he thankfully writes: "The Lord has been my saving help and strength day by day, night after night—the everlasting arms have been underneath to uphold and preserve me. During this winter I have been more than forty nights on the road, many times amidst robbers and murderers. I have repeatedly been where contagious diseases prevailed to a high degree, so that the mortality was great; often also I have made but one scanty meal a day. But amidst all these things the Lord has borne me up and delivered me—yea, rendered hard things easy. My health is now as good or better than when I landed in France more than nine months ago. And, above all, my great and blessed Master, who called me to my service amidst these nations, has opened a way for me to proclaim the glad tidings of His salvation to thousands of the people, both rich and poor. Bless the Lord, therefore, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. Oh, bless the work of Thy hands everywhere!" The desolation caused by war continued to press so heavily on the mind of

Grellet that, hearing that the Emperor of Russia, King of Prussia, etc., were expected in London, he and his friend William Allen obtained an interview with them separately, presenting to them an address from the Society of Friends setting forth the peaceable principles of the Gospel. Their interview with the Emperor Alexander was of an especially interesting character. He met them himself at the door of his apartment, saying he had long wished to see them. Alluding to worship, he said that a worship in spirit and in truth is the most acceptable to God, who is a Spirit, and that before Him our own spirit must be reverently prostrated. Respecting prayer, he said: "I pray every day; not in a form of words, but as the Lord, by his Spirit, convincing me of my wants, enables me to do." The subject of the anti-christian nature of war was fully entered into, to which the emperor assented, saying that his concern had been great that crowned heads might conclude to settle their differences by arbitration, and not by the sword. After Grellet had addressed a few words to him in the love of the Gospel, the emperor took his hand and said with tears: "These your words are a sweet cordial to my soul, they will long remain engraven on my heart. I part from you," he added "as from friends and brethren, feelings which I hope will ever remain with me."

After holding meetings in London amongst the degraded class of men and women, Grellet saw his way clear to return home. He had travelled on this journey 26,000 miles by land and several thousand by water, when, it must be remembered, there was not the facility of steam, and, after an absence of eighteen months, he rejoined his beloved wife at New York, uniting with her in praising the Lord for His preserving care.

His next visit as a Gospel missionary was to the island of Hayti, the government of which was then divided between Christophe, the negro chief, and Petion, the mulatto general, the former governing the north, the latter the south. The president (Petion) treated him very courteously, allowing him to hold a meeting for Divine worship with six thousand of the military, he himself with his chief officers attending, and the general-in-chief with most of his staff expressing afterwards, on behalf of the military at large, their grateful acknowledgment.

While still carrying on his religious labours on the island, Grellet was attacked with serious illness, which brought him apparently so near death that he gave directions respecting his funeral.

Once more, however, the Gospel call to further work in Europe sounded in his ear, and he seemed

to hear the words, "Thou shalt indeed visit those nations; the days of thy earthly race are not yet accomplished." "My soul bowed reverently before the Lord," he writes, "and I said, 'Do with me, O Lord, according to Thy Divine will.'" After his partial recovery and return home, he continued, as was his custom when he met with persons in authority, to keep up, by correspondence, his philanthropic efforts for the general good of those he had visited. In this way, by letters to Petion, he rendered valuable aid in the cause of education and other moral reforms. In the year 1818, when forty-four years of age, Stephen Grellet, with the concurrence of his friends, went to Europe for the third time, going in company with William Allen to some of those countries not previously visited. In Norway and Sweden they interested themselves in the circulation of the Scriptures and in the schools for poor children, and when at Stockholm, hearing that King Bernadotte had expressed a desire to see them, they had two interviews with him, and pleaded with him on behalf of liberty of conscience. The king was very friendly, "holding us by the hand," says Grellet, "as if he could hardly let us go."

In Finland the two missionaries dined by invitation at the archbishop's, and had a very free con-

versation with him respecting liberty of conscience and the spirituality of the Christian dispensation. Grellet spoke in French, his native language, and the archbishop feelingly responded, desiring that the Lord would bless the work to which He had called them. This work consisted very largely in visiting prisons, houses of correction, poorhouses, schools, etc., many of which were in a most neglected condition. This state of things was clearly represented, as opportunity offered, to those high in authority, and led to investigation and reform. Their next journey was to Petersburg; and here they made the acquaintance of Prince Alexander Galitzin, the prime minister, the gifted and pious Princess Metchersky, and many others in high positions of life. The emperor, who was not at home on their arrival, left word that they were to be treated *as his friends*, and thus free access was granted them to all the public institutions they desired to visit. In John Venning, whose life and labours were devoted to philanthrophy, they found a kindred spirit. The terrible suffering of the prisoners on their route to Siberia affected them deeply. They had an interview with Michael, the Metropolitan of the Greek Church, who had put on his rich pontifical garments to receive the simply attired Quakers. He wore a white tiara on his head, on the

front of which was a cross made of emeralds, diamonds, and other precious stones; on his side were stars, and from a golden chain on his neck hung a fine picture of one of their saints. He inquired into the religious views of the "Friends," and seemed much interested, saying he had not heard of any people acting on grounds so scriptural and conformable to ancient apostolic practice. A striking contrast in appearance was Philaret, the Archbishop and Vicar of the Metropolitan. He also lived in the monastery, but in great simplicity, being dressed in a black gown, black cassock on his head, a long beard, and his long hair hanging on his shoulders. Notwithstanding his position, he held truly spiritual views. "All these forms, ceremonies, and ordinances," he said, "that have been introduced into the Churches can only be as the law was to the Jews—a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. He is the end of all these things and their substance." Amidst the many religious and philanthropic objects which claimed the attention of the two missionaries during their stay in Petersburg, perhaps nothing which they accomplished surpassed in importance the work of preparing compilations of Scripture for the use of the Russian schools, thousands and tens of thousands having profited by it. They were afterwards adopted

by the British and Foreign School Society in London. The Emperor Alexander most cordially rendered his assistance in promoting this and other good works.

The last interview which Grellet and Allen had with him was of an especially interesting character, the emperor referring to the gracious dealings of the Lord with him in early life, and alluding to his feelings when he was first presented with a Bible. "I devoured it," he said, "finding in it words so suitable to, and descriptive of the state of my mind." He also spoke of his earnest desire that the differences between nations should be settled by arbitration, instead of by the sword. "We are going to be soon separated in this world," he said, "but I am a full believer that, through the Lord's Spirit, we may, though separated one from another, feel the fellowship and communion of spirit, for with the Lord there is no limitation of space." He then requested a time of united silent prayer, and knelt by the side of William Allen, while he pleaded with the Lord for a blessing on himself and his people. It was a solemn and touching interview.

In the course of their travels in Russia the two companions visited a very interesting body of Christians called Malakans, whose mode of worship

and religious views on many other points closely resembled their own, while also fully recognising the Lord Jesus Christ as our atonement for sin, and the authority of the Holy Scriptures. The bond of spiritual brotherhood thus linked them closely together.

Space would fail to dwell upon the abundant labours for the good of their fellow creatures into which these devoted evangelists threw their energies, adding the weight of their influence with those in authority, while travelling through Turkey, Greece, and the islands of the Archipelago. At one of these Allen was taken seriously ill, and when able it appeared best for him to return home, leaving Grellet to pursue his journey alone through Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and France. It was a sore bereavement, but, like David, he "encouraged himself in the Lord his God," writing, after the separation, "I am left a poor solitary one, and yet not alone, for I am very sensible that the Lord fulfils His very gracious promise to His poor servant, 'Verily, My presence shall go with thee.'"

At Rome he preached to the monks and nuns "the Lord Jesus Christ as the only hope of salvation," and also "proclaimed the everlasting truth" in a large college of six hundred students. The

attention manifested showed that the word found access to their hearts. By the kindness of Cardinal Consalvi, Grellet was freely admitted to see the Inquisition, with the cells of the prisoners and even the secret library, containing shelves reaching to the ceiling filled with papers and books condemned by this severe tribunal. Grellet drew up a report respecting the different prisons and public institutions he had visited, containing suggestions respecting those that needed help. This was shown by the cardinal to the Pope, who expressed his desire to see him. The interview lasted for a considerable time, during which the faithful servant of his Lord declared the truths of the Gospel in Christian love to the aged Pius VII., and exhorted him, in remembrance of the mercy extended to him in his deliverance from the hand of Napoleon, to "exalt the name of the Lord our Redeemer as the only Head of the Church, the only Saviour, to whom alone every knee is to bow and every tongue is to confess." "The Pope," says Grellet, "kept his head inclined and appeared tender; then, rising from his seat, in a kind and respectful manner he expressed a desire that "the Lord would bless and protect me wherever I go."

Grellet adds: "My soul magnifies the Lord, my strength and my help. The work is His and the

glory also! May He bless the work of His own hands!"

After this he felt at liberty to leave Rome. Reviewing his labours there, his biographer writes: "The poorest of the poor, and the wretched criminal in his miserable cell, had felt the force of his Christian example and teaching, princes and nobles, priests and ecclesiastical dignities of the highest order, had recognised its influence. His faithfulness and zeal in simply pleading the cause of Christ had made a deep impression upon many." Passing on to Florence, Leghorn, Venice, and Verona, the same open door awaited him; hospitals and prisons were visited, and access given to the president of police, the Russian consul, the president of the criminal tribunal, etc., so that way for the redress of evils was freely made. At Munich he was with the Crown Prince of Bavaria and several others in high stations. He had religious conversation with them to mutual comfort and joy, and several meetings were held at the houses of distinguished personages, in which the presence of the Lord was manifestly felt.

The king expressing his desire for a personal interview, Grellet took the opportunity of earnestly pleading the cause of some of his persecuted subjects who conscientiously objected to the doctrines of the

Church of Rome, and "encouraged him to take the precepts of Christ for his rule in the government of his kingdom, and to seek for and act himself under the influence of His Spirit." "The king took me," he says, "in his arms with affection, and craved that the Lord may grant my heart's desire for him, and bless me wherever I go."

The King of Wurtemburg was also visited at his own desire, and this proved a time of much feeling, as the death of his queen had rather recently occurred. "He held me by the hands," say Grellet, "while large tears rolled down his cheek. The best proof, said he, that he could give how much he honoured his late queen and how dear she was to him was to endeavour to imitate her in her piety and virtue, and also to keep up all her establishments of benevolence, on the same footing that she had placed them. He also reverently spoke of the comfort the Lord extends to him, in the assurance that through His mercy his dear departed one has made a blessed exchange in passing from time to eternity, so that his great loss has been her unspeakable gain." The next day he had another interview with the king, who took him to see his little motherless children. Mary, the eldest of the princesses, though only three years old, spoke good English, French, and German. At Stuttgart

Grellet had a remarkable public meeting for worship, which many of the nobility and several clergymen attended, besides the people at large, the Gospel being freely preached.

After further services in Switzerland and the south of France, he returned to England, and thence sailed for New York, after an absence of two years and two months, having travelled about twenty-two thousand miles. He writes of his abounding joy and gratitude at being restored in safety to his beloved wife and daughter, and adds: "On bended knees and with a bowed spirit thanksgiving, adoration, and praise were offered to the Lord."

Not long, however, did this devoted missionary rest in the bosom of his family; like Jeremiah, the fire of the Lord burned in his soul, and after spending the winter and spring at home, he felt himself called to undertake an extensive journey through some of the United States and Canada, to stir up those who were in religious fellowship with himself. Not that his labours were confined to these; wherever suffering humanity was found, there, like his Divine Master, his compassion flowed out, and whether in pleading with slaveholders for their slaves, or in visiting benevolent institutions, or holding meetings with the Indians, he was alike at home in the element in which

he lived, love to God and man enfolding him as in a heavenly atmosphere.

After the lapse of eleven years from the termination of his third visit to the Continent of Europe, —years which had been filled up with untiring efforts for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom,—Grellet for the fourth and last time obtained the sanction of the religious body of which he was a member to revisit some of the scenes of his past labours, and to see how the Lord's work was prospering on the other side of the Atlantic, both amongst his fellow-members and others.

During part of this journey he was again accompanied by his friend William Allen. His account of their stay in Germany is especially interesting, on account of the "men of mark" with whom they were brought into contact. He speaks with great satisfaction of his intercourse with Professor Tholuck and with the students under his care, and also of visiting Franke's Orphan Asylum, and the various large fields of missionary work springing from it as a centre, including the printing office, in which four million Bibles have been printed. At Weimar he took tea, by invitation, with the grand duchess, daughter of the Empress Dowager of Russia and sister of the Emperor Alexander. This interview was of a re-

ligious character, and one tending to encourage the duchess in her philanthropic objects.

At Dresden the Prince Regent Frederic requested Grellet and Allen to visit him, and a full opportunity was afforded to speak of sin and its remedy, and to caution the prince respecting the sad spread of unbelief and infidelity in the universities. "He said," writes Grellet, "he knew our disinterested motives for travelling as we do, for love to God and man prompted us. In this love and goodwill," he added, "you embrace men of every description, of every religious denomination, rich and poor; you go among the most wretched in prisons and poor-houses, and come to some of us also in our palaces." Grellet adds that the prince evinced an interest in the promotion of temperance, seeing that the use of intoxicating drink is an inlet to much misery and to the commission of many crimes.

Before leaving Dresden the missionaries held a meeting for Divine worship with some of high rank. It was a time of much solemnity, in which the presence of the Lord was powerfully felt, the Baroness Dreschel, "with great gentleness and modesty, but with striking dignity," standing up by Grellet, and interpreting sentence by sentence from the French into German. "The great love of God," he says, "in

sending His well-beloved Son, Jesus Christ, into the world as a Saviour and Redeemer, was proclaimed among them." At Herrnhut they visited the Moravian establishment, and felt it good to be there.

At Prague their hearts were "grieved" by the sight of objects recalling the cruel times of persecution so inseparably connected with the memory of Huss, when the Popish Inquisition had a stronghold there; but, on the other hand, they were cheered with their intercourse with the sister of the governor, whom they found to be a deeply spiritual Christian lady.

From place to place and from land to land, doors opened on all sides. At Socle, a town situated in a hollow at nearly the top of the Jura, in Switzerland, a most interesting visit was paid to the Orphan Home founded by Mary Anne Calame. It was, like George Müller's at Bristol, "a work of faith and labour of love." The children called her, "Ma chère mère," and she responded, "Mes enfants." They were taught by a blind woman, and answered beautifully in Scripture history and other branches of education. Trades by which they might earn their own living were an accompaniment, and seemed to antedate similar efforts of benevolence in this day.

William Allen had left his friend a short time

previously and returned to England, while Grellet pursued his journey alone, visiting the Waldenses in the Piedmontese valleys, and thence going on through the south of France to Spain.

Whilst holding a meeting for worship at St. Gilles, on Christmas Day, a solemn circumstance occurred. A man was present who had "boasted how he would honour the Lord and sanctify this day by going to a place of worship first, and then closing it in feasting and revelling." Stephen Grellet, who had no idea of such an one being among his hearers, was expressing his fear lest some should be professing to keep the day as a memorial of the coming in the flesh of the eternal Son of God, and at the same time making preparations to close it in a riotous and sinful manner. As he was saying this, this very man fell down dead on the floor. The people were awfully impressed with the event, some of them having rebuked him for his boast, to which he had answered by impious expressions.

On Grellet's journey through Spain he was again joined by his faithful friend Allen. The prisons, according to their usual practice, were visited, and were found in a horrible condition, the retreat for the insane not less so. The miserable inmates of the poorhouse were kept just beyond the verge of starva-

tion. Acts of extreme cruelty and oppression abounded, and it was well indeed that such gross perversion of justice should be brought to light.

From Spain the two friends returned together to England, and after some further service for his Lord there and in Ireland, the devoted missionary sailed once more for his American home, which he reached in safety after a journey of about twenty-eight thousand miles. He was now in his sixty-first year, and the remainder of his useful life was spent in his own land, where, "ever abounding in the work of the Lord," he still brought forth fruit in old age. His biographer, who knew him well, thus writes of him: "Christian simplicity, sincerity, and truthfulness marked his words and actions." "His look was love, his salutation, peace."

During his latter days he was a great sufferer from a painful disease, but he was never self-absorbed. As long as it was possible he would go from house to house cheering and comforting the afflicted, and imparting the word of counsel when needed. The clothing of his spirit was praise. "If I had the pen of a ready writer," he said, "I could fill pages with the Lord's merciful dealings with me." His bodily anguish was extreme, but his faith and love rose triumphant over all the pains of the body.

"In this my hour of extremity," he said, "my heavenly Father has not forsaken me, but is comforting me. . . . There is not only peace, but peace and joy in believing—great joy! My dear Master is very good to me." Each groan was turned into a prayer. "Not my will, but Thine, be done!"

A little before his close the pain ceased, and his countenance indicated that his soul was communing with his God and Saviour. In this childlike trust, with his heart attuned to the harmonies of heaven, the aged saint was set free from his earthly tabernacle, to be for ever "present with the Lord."

"Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure,
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light."

CHAPTER IX.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

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THE instances which might be adduced to prove on what small points large results hang are indeed innumerable. A friendly tap on the shoulder and a few encouraging words transformed Gough from a debased drunkard into a temperance orator. The influence of a young sister who refused to take sugar in her tea because she would not add a feather's weight to the traffic in human blood was one of the inspiring causes which led to Sir Fowell Buxton's earnest and triumphant advocacy of Emancipation—"*It made me think*," he said. The incident of Mary Jones walking for miles over the Welsh hills to read the Bible in the church proved, in the hands of Dr. Charles, of Bala, the means of forming a Bible Society for the whole world. But why swell the list, when a few memorable instances will suffice to prove our point? In science, in politics, in education, in religion, there are no little things. Great minds have always recognised this fact.

The whole realm of nature asserts it. From a small variation of temperature in the upper regions storms and hurricanes result; a slight change in the direction of the earth's axis would alter the character of the seasons and send us back into the glacial period of perpetual frost and ice. So with the mysterious providences of human life which affect the subtle springs of our higher nature. There is no chance occurrence in either the natural or spiritual world.

The Divine Artificer, who condescends to work by human instruments, prepares those instruments by means under His own control; the electric touch of His Spirit, often acting through the most simple causes, awakens dormant powers, and thus that marvellous transformation takes place which our Lord designates as the new birth, by which old things pass away.

A mighty influence operates on the soul; the orbit in which it now revolves is a new orbit, the pole to which it is attached is no longer downward, but upward, and to this upward course it draws others with itself.

However different the Church organizations may be in which these renewed souls find their place, their aspirations, their home, their language is the same. They are citizens of heaven while denizens of earth,

and it might be said of them, "Multæ terricolis linguæ, *cælestibus una.*"

In the glowing words of the great apostle, they could each say: "To me to live is Christ." "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." "None of these things move me, neitner count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

Their zeal for the salvation of souls causes them to despise all hardships. Their language has often been: "We both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place, and labour, working with our own hands; being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we entreat; we are as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things."—"I am made all things to all men, *that I might by any means save some.*"

The turning-points in life by which such results as these are reached must needs be sought with no common interest. With some the crisis is so marked that it becomes the talk and wonder of the world: "Is Saul also among the prophets?" With others it

is like the wind blowing "where it listeth," known only by its effects. In whatever way the change is accomplished the result is the same. "One thing I know: that whereas I was blind, now I see."

In the lives that have been presented to us in this little volume, widely divergent as they were in creed and outward circumstances, we see that after the turning-point had been passed their aim henceforth might have found utterance in the vigorous language of the apostle, whom, in no small degree they resembled: "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Hence the impress for good which they left upon their own and succeeding generations; hence, "being dead," they still "speak."

"In hoc vince" were the words which the Emperor Constantine is reported to have seen inscribed under the symbolic cross as he led his legions to battle, and however legendary may be the story, the victory won by the cross is no mere fable. "Conquering and to conquer" still waves upon its banner, the shouts of triumph still follow its march.

A glorious heritage is ours. We are called to enlist in the ranks of those who "out of weakness

were made strong," who "waxed valiant in fight and put to flight the armies of the aliens."

"On earth Thy messengers are heard,
They haste like clouds before the gale,
Fraught with the Word, the sacred Word,
They pour forth thunder, lightning, hail.

Christ is their war-cry; at its sound
Are hell's proud citadels laid low;
So, while the trumpets charged around,
Fell once the walls of Jericho."

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